

The Freeman

VOL. VIII. No. 199.

NEW YORK, 2 JANUARY, 1924

15 CENTS

CURRENT COMMENT, 385

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Force à la Russie, 388
In Behalf of Religion, 389
The Soft-Drinker Mind, 390
The Quality of Greatness, 391

MISCELLANY, 391

A Modernist Example, by William MacDonald, 392
American Architecture: The Heritage of the Renaissance, by Lewis Mumford, 394
Love in Ancient Rome, by Alexander Harvey, 397
"Dead Junk," by David Warren Ryder, 398

LETTERS FROM ABROAD
Cirque Intime, by Arthur Moss, 399

THE THEATRE

Reinhardt at Salzburg, by Suzanne La Follette, 400

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Ne Bougeons Plus! by Harold A. Larrabee, 402; The Position of the Anglican Church, by Robert Clyffen Brooke, 402; Has American Poetry Died? by Louis Untermeyer, 402; "The Protestant Complex," by Theologus, 403

BOOKS

Theories of Government, by Charles Nagel, 403
Poetry in Becoming, by Edwin Muir, 404
The Return of the Native, by Walter Prichard Eaton, 405
Shorter Notices, 407

CURRENT COMMENT.

THE partisan leaders in Mexico have not found it easy to explain just what they are fighting about, but in this respect they are certainly no worse off than the Premiers who were attempting, not so many years ago, to define the war-aims of the European Powers. The best evidence of the character of the struggle in Mexico is perhaps to be found in the statement of the Mexican correspondent of the Federated Press, that President Obregon has received assurances of the support of the Mexican Federation of Labour, the Labour party, the Communist party, the Agrarian party, and the League of Revolutionary Writers. The New York *Nation* has published declarations of loyalty issued by three of these organizations, and has also brought forward a manifesto in which Señor Calles declares that he became the Obregonist candidate for the presidency in order that he might have the opportunity to continue the work of reform initiated by the present Administration.

IN a manifesto summarized in the New York *Times*, the rival leader, Señor de la Huerta, promises to guarantee the life, liberty and property of natives and foreigners alike, and to provide "land and justice for all" by partitioning estates in strict accordance with the terms of the Constitution (which provides for expropriation, where necessary, and not always with compensation). The proletarian organizations mentioned above are perhaps a little skittish about the interpretation that may be given to this guarantee of property, and the way it may be stretched to protect the holdings of the great landlords and the oil-barons; or perhaps they do not like to see de la Huerta keeping company with Generals Sanchez and Estrada, who are reported to have been from the beginning hostile to land-reform. At any rate, the movement against Obregon and Calles seems to be rather commonly regarded in Mexico as a counter-revolution.

IN a political sense the Greeks jump so rapidly from frying-pan to fire that the changes are not a little bewildering. In the recent elections the Venizelists seem to have scored a handsome victory, and as a consequence the king has been sent into exile and a new military dictatorship under the guise of a republic is in prospect.

Among the leaders of the moment there is a strong movement to call back from his Parisian watch-tower the heroic M. Venizelos, Mr. Lloyd George's former handyman, who projected the great imperialist adventure in Asia Minor; and it is not unlikely that he will take up in person the reins of affairs. M. Venizelos has always seemed to us a peculiarly costly political investment, but if the people of Greece wish to let themselves in for such extravagances, that is their own affair.

THE defeat of the Poincaré Government in the Chamber of Deputies the other day on a point of procedure, followed shortly by a vote endorsing the Government policy, recalls the time, not very long ago, when M. Poincaré was so frequently challenging votes of confidence as to lead to the suspicion that his official days might be numbered. As a matter of fact, all the proceedings of the French Chambers are influenced now by the near approach of a general election; and while the reorganized Left *bloc* seems as yet to have too little solidarity to disrupt completely the *bloc national*, the aggregated Opposition threatens to weaken appreciably the hold of M. Poincaré and his followers. One may therefore expect a good deal of hectoring of the Government from this time on, but without any real desire to make a mess of things on the eve of an election.

Most Americans have probably forgotten, if indeed they ever knew—the Government at Washington does little to remind us of our commitments abroad—that the United States was a party in 1906 to the so-called Act of Algeciras, which established a kind of international wardship over Morocco. The general principle of the Act, thanks to the insistence of the German Emperor backed by the Emperor of Austria-Hungary, was that of the open door; but the humbling of Germany and Austria in the world-war has left France free to push its programme of "predominant interest" which the Algeciras Conference temporarily checked. Now, after weary months of negotiation broken by frequent protracted adjournments, an agreement for the neutralization of the port and zone of Tangier, with all fortification of the region prohibited, has been signed by representatives of Great Britain, France and Spain. As the agreement is to be submitted to all the Powers which signed the pact of Algeciras, except Germany and Austria, the question of American participation in European affairs is again an issue. It will be interesting to see, also, what Premier Mussolini, who repudiated the Tangier *pourparlers* because Italy was refused representation, will do about the new arrangements.

IF, as a Reuter dispatch from Angora recently announced, the Chester concessions in Asia Minor have been annulled, the average American need feel no acute sense of loss. The concessions included the right to exploit much territory supposedly rich in oil, and somewhat grandiose schemes for the development of ports and railways. They were secured in a tentative form by Admiral Colby M. Chester many years ago, in the course of a naval expedition of an eleemosynary nature to the Near East; and after resting in a dormant state for a quarter of a century,

they were somewhat unexpectedly revived and confirmed by the Angora Government last spring, when that Government was attempting to squeeze a reasonable peace-treaty out of the British and French imperialists. There is no reason to suppose that if the Chester grants had reached fruition they would have reduced the price of oil for any American consumer. On the other hand, in the present hectic state of imperialistic competition they would have involved the American people in a substantial foreign entanglement in a part of the world which is a notorious powder-magazine of international politics. In Professor Edward M. Earle's authoritative study of economic intrigue in the Near East, entitled "Turkey, the Great Powers and the Bagdad Railway," it is shown that Occidental competition for the riches of this garden-spot contributed materially to the late Armageddon; and there is every reason to suppose that it will be one of the breeding-spots for the next crop of dragon's teeth.

In a memorandum dealing with current military and naval expenditures in seventeen countries, the League of Nations announces that the estimated outlay for 1923-24 is somewhat less than the actual disbursements for each of the two preceding years. In England, the index of wholesale prices is falling, and the reduction is therefore in effect somewhat smaller than the figures in pounds sterling would indicate; taking the decline of prices into consideration, and throwing the figures into terms of goods, the estimated expenditure for 1923-24 is twenty-five per cent lower than that for 1921-22. In France, on the other hand, the price-index has been rising, and the reduction in francs therefore tells something less than the whole story; in terms of goods, the estimate for 1923 is thirty-nine per cent smaller than the actual outlay for 1922. Inasmuch as the French estimate shows a reduction of thirty-nine per cent in one year, as against a British reduction of twenty-five per cent in two years, it would appear that the United Kingdom is not approaching a state of defencelessness quite as rapidly as some of its major prophets would have us believe.

If Brother Hiram Johnson is emitting a series of heart-rending wails, there would appear to be reason for his grief. Already the hat he flung so boldly into the ring begins to look suspiciously like a doormat under the ruthless feet of the Coolidgistas. First the National Convention was snatched from the friendly atmosphere of Chicago and transferred to the conservative climate of Cleveland. Next the National Committee made a scrap of paper of its mandate to cut down the representation in the convention from the too, too solid South, and by this action it handed Mr. Coolidge a solid *bloc* of 150 patronage-fed delegates. Now comes the case of Henry Ford. For a long time the War Department has held that in his application for Muscle Shoals, Mr. Ford was trying to get Uncle Sam to give up an El Dorado for virtually nothing. In October Mr. Ford, in a bitter attack, intimated that the Administration was side-tracking his offer for Muscle Shoals to serve the dark designs of certain favoured interests. In his message to Congress Mr. Coolidge referred indirectly to Mr. Ford's offer by declaring that cheap fertilizer was the main objective to be secured, and "the amount of money received for the property is not a primary or major consideration." Under this encouragement an Administration Congressman introduced a bill authorizing the sale of the property to Mr. Ford; and now out comes Henry with a declaration that he would never, never think of running for President against such an eminently "safe" man as Mr. Coolidge.

In this interesting sequence of events Brother Hiram sees a demonstration of immoral political strategy. How

is it, he asks, if Mr. Ford was convinced on 13 October that the Administration was the tool of certain private interests of questionable purpose, that he should have become converted by 19 December to the view that the Administration is eminently safe and wholesome? Mr. Ford, concludes Brother Hiram, is "a marvellous businessman," and perhaps that is as good an answer as any. In the months to come we expect to be entertained by many diverting political portents and miracles not unprofitable for the prospects of Mr. Coolidge. He has been in the game all his life, and Secretary C. Bascom Slemp was not born yesterday. Our guess is that the silence of the long winter nights will not infrequently be punctuated by a loud thumping distinctly audible from coast to coast. It will be caused by Candidate Hiram beating his breast.

THE wholesale withdrawal of Japanese farmers and farm-labourers in California from the farms which they have been cultivating on a crop-sharing basis can hardly fail, if it is persisted in, to work something like a revolution in the agriculture of that State. The complaint of the large landholders that they can not afford to work their lands on a wages-basis, especially if white labourers are to be employed, suggests either that white labour is less efficient than Japanese labour, which is probably true, or else that the Japanese renters have been content with smaller profits from their crop-sharing arrangements than would satisfy white renters, which is probably true also. The cutting up of the large estates into small individual holdings, on the other hand, would in itself be a blessing provided a sufficient number of working purchasers could be found; but with the present depressed state of American agriculture in general, the likelihood of a boom in land for the landless, even in so rich a region as California, seems doubtful. The immediate results of a change of system may well be that California will pay more for fresh fruits and vegetables, while the rest of the country pays more for nuts and prunes.

QUITE aside from the possible effect upon agriculture in California, however, we are heartily glad that the Japanese worm has at last shown a disposition to turn. The Japanese immigrants have borne with amazing patience an extraordinary series of legislative, diplomatic and legal attacks, all the while adding appreciably by their labour to the prosperity of the Pacific Coast; and it is not their fault that nationalistic clamour, after denying to them the privilege of American citizenship, has now, with the aid of the Supreme Court, driven them from the one occupation in which they have been economically of most importance. Let no one think that the scurvy treatment of the Japanese by the Federal Government and the State of California is of concern only to Japan; its repercussions will be felt in every country whose people are superciliously regarded as inferior; and the assumption of inferiority seems to be at present the underlying principle of our immigration-policy.

Now that all but one of the Federal free-speech prisoners have been set free, we are glad to note that a group of public-spirited citizens has appealed through the American Civil Liberties Union for the release of the 114 men still incarcerated for their opinions, and for their opinions only, under various State laws. These prisoners are serving terms running up to twenty years under restrictive statutes called "criminal syndicalism" acts or "sedition" acts, virtually all of which were passed during the hysteria and terrorism of 1919. All but two of the prisoners are members of the I. W. W. California heads the list of tsarist States with 97 members of the I. W. W. convicted under the "criminal syndicalist" law, some merely for acknowledging membership in their organization, and 35

more under indictment. The State has the doubtful distinction of being the only one where workingmen of unorthodox economic views are still fair game for the police and the courts. Washington holds five men in jail for their opinions, Idaho four, Pennsylvania four, Oklahoma two, and Kansas and Illinois one each.

THIRTY-FOUR States have on their statute-books either "criminal syndicalist" laws or "sedition" laws, or both. Nominally these laws are aimed at the advocacy of violent methods of industrial or political change, but in most cases the language is so vague as to permit the widest latitude for abridging freedom of opinion. To take an example, the alleged communists who were arrested for holding a meeting in Michigan last year were indicted for "assembling with" unnamed persons who advocated "criminal syndicalism." In most cases the agitation which placed these gag-laws on the statute-books was cunningly fomented by persons and groups with a direct financial interest in suppressing agitation against the exploitation of labour. In only two States, Montana and New Mexico, have these laws been held unconstitutional by the State courts. In addition to these sweeping statutes, many States have within recent years passed restrictive laws of a more or less freakish character. Twenty-nine States have laws against the display of red flags (Massachusetts repealed its red-flag law after it proved embarrassing to a distinguished university); four States have laws making pacifist sentiment a crime; in Mississippi the advocacy of "social equality between races" is a penal offence; in Minnesota, Massachusetts and Colorado it is unlawful to play or sing "The Star Spangled Banner" in public with any embellishments or abridgments. There is no present indication of any general disposition to sweep this vicious mass of legislative rubbish off the statute-books. In some States the impudent forms of political compulsion are frankly retained in the interests of privilege and the caste-system, in others they seem to represent mere ignorance and indifference.

EVER since the police-strike in Boston from which Mr. Coolidge derived unmerited fame, there has been a fairly unanimous opinion among "leaders," "spokesmen" and "representative citizens" that strikes by Government employees were not under any circumstances to be tolerated. Whatever the misery or discontent of the people, the "Government" must go on. The reasoning seems not to have impressed deeply either French or Austrian functionaries. Within the space of a few days the Paris police were lately called upon to deal with two formidable demonstrations, one of policemen and the other of civil-service employees, against the high cost of living. The latter demonstration, staged in the vicinity of the Place de l'Opéra, was thought sufficiently serious to warrant the calling out of 1500 police, 1000 armed infantry of the Garde Républicaine, and 500 mounted guards. In Austria, a three or four days strike against low wages tied up the postal, telegraph and telephone services of the country, and brought a threat of resignation from Chancellor Seipel. Why not, after all? If the strike is a legitimate form of protest or defence for the citizen in private pay, why is it not equally legitimate for those who draw their sustenance from the public crib?

MR. ART YOUNG, who was once indicted on the charge of giving aid and comfort to the German enemy, and was acquitted partly because there was no evidence against him and partly because he slept so innocently in the courtroom throughout his trial, has sent us a New Year's card of more than usual social significance. Inspired possibly by his own experience, Mr. Young has inaugurated the More Law Association, the slogan of which is "One

Million More Laws by January 1, 1925." "We don't care what kind of laws," says Mr. Young's prospectus, "but the more we have, the better chance to obey some of them." We are confident that Mr. Young's hundred-per-cent programme will meet with the ardent co-operation of every legislator in the land. For the benefit of those who wish to contribute to Mr. Young's organization, we are in some doubt whether he should be addressed in care of the Workers Party of America or of the Sons of the American Revolution, or jointly in care of both.

At a recent conference in New York of a committee of citizens interested in drying up the wet places, Prohibition Commissioner Haynes reported that the law was being enforced effectively. The assembled citizens offered no objection to this statement, which would seem to show that their organization was superfluous; nor did anyone take exception to Mr. Haynes's assurance that no first-class hotels now permit drinking in their public dining-rooms. We submitted these observations to a reputable person of a convivial turn, who laughed heartily at them while he declared that in this vicinity good liquor is at present less expensive and more easy to come by than at any previous period under the drought-law. We believe this to be so, and we suspect that Mr. Haynes is scarcely an unbiased or accurate reporter. His statement to the assembled teetotallers-in-principle seemed to us less significant than that of Brother Bryan, who gave notice that his influence was enlisted in amending the law so as to banish for ever from our moral country any American who indulged in forbidden beverages while abroad. This seems to us a thoroughly logical development of our present legislation, and we hope—most earnestly we hope—that Mr. Bryan will run again for the Presidency on a platform providing that lips that touch Darwinism or liquor shall never be permitted within the three-mile limit.

THE Englished Bible, under one disguise or another, seems to be inciting a good many people to literary or business-adventure. We have already noted the appearance of Professor Goodspeed's rendering of the New Testament, apparently intended for a very ordinary grade of man-in-the-street; and of Mr. van Loon's impressions of the Biblical narratives as he would like young people to know them. Professor Goodspeed's achievement has so much impressed his colleagues in the University of Chicago that a translation of the Old Testament is now reported to be planned, thus giving us an "all-university" Bible after the Chicago manner. Meantime a group of ministers and business-men, for whom Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. have consented to act as fiscal agents, propose to acquire the copyright of the American Revised Version published many years ago, and to "make the Revised Bible a gift to the world." If some one will now devise a workable method of getting the King James Version read, the chaos which would follow an attempt to identify quotations or literary allusions by reference to texts which have no literary value and which few people will ever read, may perhaps be staved off.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either in substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

Editors—Van Wyck Brooks, Harold Kellock, Suzanne La Follette, Francis Neilson, Albert Jay Nock and Geroid Tanquary Robinson. Published weekly by The Freeman Corporation, B. W. Huebsch, Gen'l Mgr., 116 West 13th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription rates, per year postpaid: in the United States and Mexico, \$6.00; in Canada, \$6.50; elsewhere, \$7.00. London subscription representative, Dorothy Thurle, 36 Temple Fortune Hill, N. W. 11. Copyright, 1923, by The Freeman Corporation, 2 January, 1924. Vol. VIII. No. 199. Entered as second-class matter 12 March, 1920, at the post-office at New York, N. Y.; under the act of 3 March, 1879.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

FORCE A LA RUSSE.

"WHAT could you expect from a cutthroat like Leon Sammet?" remarked Abe Potash of his principal competitor in the cloak and suit business. "That feller is no good, and his father before him is also a thief. I know his people from the old country yet. One was worser as the other." These amiable phrases seem to reflect accurately Mr. Hughes's sentiments towards the Russian Government, and he has just availed himself of a fresh opportunity to put Mr. Chicherin and his associated lowlives in their place.

Mr. Chicherin and his associates read with interest the paragraphs devoted to Russia in President Coolidge's message to Congress. They were particularly interested in the tentative conditions laid down by Mr. Coolidge for the restoration of Russia to the moral regard of the American Government. The conditions included the recognition by the Russian Government of international obligations contracted by its predecessors, the indication of a disposition to compensate Americans whose property was confiscated or destroyed in the Revolution, and the abatement of "the active spirit of enmity to our institutions." As head of the Russian Foreign Office Mr. Chicherin wrote to the American Government a dignified and mannerly letter asking for the opportunity of a conference on these matters, with a view to establishing relations between the two countries on a reciprocal basis of friendliness and forbearance.

Mr. Hughes did not deign to lower himself by replying directly to Mr. Chicherin, as one gentleman would do to another. Without troubling to bring the matter before the Cabinet, but with the authorization of Mr. Coolidge, he merely sent a singularly inurbane statement to the American consul at Reval, to be conveyed to the Russian representative there, flatly refusing to hold any conversation with representatives of the Russian Government. No conference was necessary, he declared, for the compensation of American citizens or the recognition of "Russia's obligations to this country." Moreover the State Department could enter into no negotiations until "the propaganda to overthrow the institutions of this country" was abandoned.

There has been considerable mystery about this propaganda, if propaganda there be. From time to time the Department of Justice has issued horrendous but vague intimations about it, and various organizations for the dissemination of prejudice have told of hundreds of thousands of Red agents smuggled into the country to bore us from within. Our own guess is that the amount of money the Moscow Government or its collateral agencies have spent here during the past two or three years to discredit our institutions could be placed in a corner of Mr. Samuel Gompers's eye. We base this suspicion on mere common sense. If the realists of Moscow have superfluous funds to invest in foreign revolutions, they can find a score of fields much more promising and closer at hand than our United States, where a cataclysmic social overturn seems at present as remote as a collision with the moon.

Mr. Hughes, however, offers specific evidence of Russian propaganda here in the shape of an alleged letter from Comrade Zinoviev, the *enfant terrible* of the Third International, to the Communist brethren in America. In this missive Comrade Zinoviev urges the faithful to organize Communist cells, as these *blocs* of ten are called, in the factories; and to practise shooting and trench-digging after working hours,

against the coming of the social revolution. He also expresses the hope that in due course "the proletarian forces in America will raise the red flag over the White House."

All this seems to us a bit overdone, even for such a vivacious soul as Comrade Zinoviev. We have no direct means of knowing whether the missive is genuine, or, like the Sisson documents of dolorous memory, a leetle bit fabricated. Mr. Hughes's assertion that the authenticity of the document is vouched for by the Department of Justice is scarcely reassuring, for the Department has produced so many Russian mares' nests that the habit has become a bore and a pest. It seems odd—very odd indeed—that Mr. Hughes did not think to attach a date to the alleged letter until twenty-four hours after he made the letter public; and we note with interest that his date is August, 1923, while a departmental stool-pigeon says that he captured the letter early in 1922! We commend this little discrepancy to the notice of those members of the Senate who have demanded a full accounting from the Department of Justice for all its provocative hints of Russian gold and propaganda. We remind them also that Mr. Martens, sometime Russian representative here, was raided, robbed, hounded by an army of spies, investigated and re-investigated, and that not a single copeck of Russian gold was ever revealed as having been expended for the overthrow of our institutions.

However, assuming that for once the Department of Justice is reliably informed in such a matter, we can still see no good reason for refusing Mr. Chicherin's modest proposal for a conference to bind both Governments to reciprocal agreements of non-interference and respect. In such a conference Mr. Hughes could explain to Mr. Chicherin that while the right to bear arms was guaranteed by our Constitution, naive foreigners are likely to take that venerable document too seriously; and inasmuch as our proletariat is not permitted to practise target-shooting and trench-digging in preparation for a social revolution, such letters as the real or alleged communication of Comrade Zinoviev are supererogatory. Mr. Hughes could make clear that, in our country, exercises in arms are limited to the regular army and to such exclusively upper-class factors and individuals as private detectives, bootleggers and members of the National Guard. Mr. Chicherin could likewise explain that in Russia it is regarded as indelicate for members of the bourgeoisie to receive munitions from alien friends for purposes of counter-revolution. With these matters understood, a pact of mutual forbearance could be drawn up.

In stating that the Russian Government ought to settle American claims and pay American obligations without the opportunity to present its own side of the case, Mr. Hughes asserts that "the United States has not incurred liabilities to Russia or repudiated obligations." The first part of this statement seems to us somewhat unfortunate. If Mr. Hughes will take the trouble to dig into the files of his Department, we are confident that he will discover the record of two American invasions of Russia without a declaration of war. These informal expeditions were launched by Mr. Wilson in the summer of 1918, and they were not withdrawn until months after the German war was ended. In the course of their prosecution there was considerable destruction of Russian property and lives; and though Mr. Wilson repeatedly informed the Russians that he was invading their country for their own good and from the most exalted principles, they stupidly failed to appreciate his attentions. It must be admitted that under the established code of

civilization the Russians may have a case for what is commonly known as "reparations," and we doubt if Mr. Hughes in a more thoughtful moment would so brusquely throw their case out of court. Surely it is just as unpleasant to lose one's life or one's property as the result of a foreign invasion inspired by the highest moral principles as it is to lose it through a social revolution designed for the elevation of lowly people.

In this matter it seems to us that Mr. Hughes is one-sided. On the other hand, in the matter of recognizing the American obligations of the Tsarist and the Kerensky Governments, it seems to us that Mr. Chicherin is unduly cautious. The Tsarist debt amounts to some \$50 million in bonds, privately held here, and the brief Kerensky regime pried \$187 million out of the American treasury. We see no reason why the Russian Government should not accept the ethical practice of capitalist countries in regard to similar obligations; that is, acknowledge the debt and forget it. The debt can then sit as lightly on Mr. Chicherin's conscience as the four billion dollars owed to America by France sits on the conscience of M. Poincaré, or the two billion owed by Italy slumbers on the conscience of Mussolini. Acknowledging foreign debts, particularly debts to the American people, is the only wholly cost-free action performed by European Governments of our day.

The exchange of punts between Mr. Hughes and Mr. Chicherin has been instructive and diverting. In moral force we assume that Mr. Hughes has the advantage, for, as we have had occasion to point out, even such a monument of morality as Mr. Pecksniff becomes a minor figure beside Mr. Hughes. In urbanity, however, we reluctantly admit that the proletarian diplomat has Mr. Hughes beaten to a standstill. As members of what is supposed to be the politer class of society, we acknowledge this with a feeling of deep humiliation. We could forgive the Russian Government for expropriating the profits of alien absentee-owners; but we think Mr. Chicherin is pushing things a bit far when he confiscates Mr. Hughes's sense of good manners and good taste. Our concern over the futile inurbanities of Mr. Hughes is scarcely alleviated by the news that Italy and Great Britain are preparing to extend recognition to the Russian Government. Perhaps the heads of these Governments have more faith in the stability of their institutions than Mr. Hughes has in ours, or perhaps they merely have more business-sense.

IN BEHALF OF RELIGION.

THERE is nothing new about the internal disturbance which is going on in certain of the Protestant churches, and which threatens two of them at least—the Presbyterian and Protestant Episcopal churches—with serious disruption. Ever since organized Christianity first ranged itself under a standard of intellectual belief and insisted upon identity of opinion as a condition of fellowship, it has suffered from frequent outbreaks of this kind; and as long as it keeps to this general policy, so long they may be expected to recur.

They are salutary and should be welcomed. They are not good for the contending factions or for the ecclesiastical organization as a whole. Before the outbreak takes place, both factions have become quite ruffled; if either wins a substantial advantage over the other, it tends to become tyrannous; and thus their progress in religion is retarded. The organization emerges from the battle with its official notion of the importance of opinion thoroughly inflated; and thus

its progress in religion is retarded too. But for those within the organization who do not concern themselves with the place and function of opinion in matters of religion—and these are doubtless a large majority—and for the far greater number of religious persons who remain outside organized Christianity altogether, these controversies are very valuable. They never yet have failed, when their dust and smoke have subsided, to make the essential nature of religion more clearly and easily visible, and to throw out in higher relief the figure of Jesus of Nazareth.

We shall have more to say on this subject as the situation in the churches develops. At present we make only an observation or two, leading up to a practical suggestion. As between the modernists and the fundamentalists, the preponderance of one's goodwill should be towards the former. Whether explicitly or implicitly, directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously, they are doing somewhat more than their adversaries for the clearance and disengagement of religion. Religion is a *temper*, a frame of mind; the fruit of the Spirit is, as St. Paul says, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, self-control. It is probably not to be said that the modernists exhibit this temper in the present controversy more distinctly than their opponents; yet the terms of their contention are more favourable to the general apprehension of religion as a *temper* than the terms chosen by the fundamentalists. As in strictness between the two, therefore, the mind that is interested purely in the furtherance of religion would incline to the side of the modernists.

But it is not necessary to take sides in this controversy, nor is it appropriate to do so; because, as has invariably been the case, neither side has, from the point of view of religion itself, a sound cause. The proper attitude is that of Erasmus towards the early rivalries between Romanism and Protestantism. Erasmus saw that as far as religion is concerned, Protestantism rested on no more solid intellectual foundation than Romanism, and that the questions controverted between the two were therefore really negligible. Hence he refrained from partisanship and contented himself with continually pointing out that religion, properly speaking, was not involved in the discussion; that it was implicit neither in the dogmatic tenets of Romanism nor in those of Protestantism, but was a *tertium quid* not directly contemplated by either. His attitude was that which was taken on another occasion by St. Paul in reference to the great ecclesiastical controversy of his day, when he said that "in Jesus Christ neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but faith which worketh by love." In the present controversy in the Protestant Episcopal church, the thing is, therefore, not to take one's stand with the reactionary bishops who say that the doctrine of the Virgin Birth must be believed; nor yet with the modernists who content themselves with saying that disbelief in that dogma is permissible within the doctrinal system of this branch of the church. The thing is to insist that this dogma, whatever it may represent as matter of fact, and whatever its status in any doctrinal system may be, has nevertheless no conceivable connexion with religion. It belongs in an entirely different order of truth. The truth of parthenogenesis, whatever that truth may be, is truth of science; it is not truth of religion; and from the standpoint of religion, it is utterly irrelevant and nugatory to dispute against it or to dispute for it or to concern oneself with it in any way except as matter of strict science.

Our practical suggestion to the modernists is that they should make their service to religion distinct,

direct and positive instead, as now, of making it confused, indirect and negative. We would remind them that in all previous controversies men have appeared who laboured to put the controverted dogmas on their proper ground by discriminating sharply and powerfully between truth of science and truth of religion, and by showing, as one of the greatest of these apologists puts it, that "truth of science does not become truth of religion until it is made religious"—until, that is, it is informed and animated by the *temper* which is religion. Such were the Cambridge Platonists, Hales, to some extent Tillotson and Stillingfleet, and above all Jeremy Taylor, in the seventeenth century; such were Ernest Renan and Matthew Arnold in the nineteenth. What is needed now is a new apologetic which shall do for this generation in behalf of religion and of organized Christianity what Matthew Arnold did for the last; and shall do in behalf of the life, words and character of Jesus what was done by Renan. If our newer modernism will produce this apologetic, it will have done something positive and fruitful in the cause of religion, beside which its present efforts in the cause of a dubious and unimportant broad-church ecclesiasticism will appear of no great consequence.

THE SOFT-DRINKS MIND.

A FEW weeks ago, when a prohibitionist conclave at Washington was prodding the President in an effort to get him to do something for the one and only cause, an eminent member of the New York bar, Mr. Louis Marshall, was reported to have intimated to the assembled crusaders that anyone who opposed obedience to the Eighteenth Amendment was "guilty of treason." We do not profess any legal learning, and we would certainly prefer, under ordinary circumstances, to support the Constitution from beginning to end rather than to be electrocuted, hanged or shot. Martyrdom, even under the most heroic or thrilling circumstances, has never attracted us in the least. We seemed to recall, however, something in the Constitution to the effect that "treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort"; and we naturally fell to wondering how the legal acumen of Mr. Marshall was able to discover in opposition to prohibition an overt act of war, or how anybody could give aid and comfort to the enemies of the United States at a time when, as far as we knew, the United States had no enemies to be aided or comforted.

More mature reflection has cleared the mystery. Mr. Marshall, if his remarks were correctly reported by the press, was apparently speaking under the influence of soft drinks. For nearly four years he had had no legitimate opportunity to partake of strong drink or wine; and since he is not for a moment to be suspected of having violated either the letter or the spirit of the Constitution which as a lawyer he is sworn faithfully to uphold and defend, and can not as a gentleman be thought of, in the French phrase, as "drinking his bath," his only resource for quenching thirst must have been the parti-coloured offerings of the soda-fountains. That those offerings are almost infinitely varied, and that the swash and flow of almost any of them may be counted upon to clear the dust from the roughest throat, we freely admit; but a regular and long-continued indulgence in ice-cream sodas and fruit-juice fizzes such as the sacred Constitution now encourages, is likely to give rise to certain physiological conditions which in turn bring on wholly extraordinary mental and moral states.

It is the psychological rather than the physiological effects of soft-drinks indulgence that are, on the whole, the more serious. The physical consequences of discharging into the stomachs of the American people every day a veritable Niagara of sugar, acid and gas are bad enough in all conscience; and we wonder that the medical profession, which presumably is as much interested in preventing disease as in curing it, has not openly revolted at having to work overtime in combating this wholesale Constitutional attack upon digestion. It is hardly an accident, we suspect, that so many drug-stores display an imposing array of stomach-remedies close to the counters at which soft drinks are dispensed; for to chase a soda with a pill is, for the moment at least, to ease the pain. All this, however, is only a minor consideration. The serious thing is that in thus standing by the Constitution which the fathers of the Republic framed only in the rough, and which Mr. Anderson and his five thousand Protestant churches have licked into shape, a certain deterioration of intellectual and moral fibre has set in which, if it can not be checked, bids fair soon to leave the nation bereft of intellectual or moral judgment or a decent sense of the fitness of things. One who has reached the stage where he sees double or triple is well on the way to seeing nothing at all; and a portentous number of Americans seem already to have reached a point where they can not see anything precisely as it is.

We have commented from time to time in these columns upon the vapid unreality of American politics, the sensational vulgarity of the American press, the dreary commonness of American literature and art, the treadmill character of American education, and the complacent hollowness of American morals public and private. It has been a melancholy task, all the more melancholy because of the haunting vision of what America, if it would, might easily become; but, frankly, what better things should be expected of a nation whose acme of sense and moral conduct is attained in gulping sundaes and sucking grape-juice through a straw? Where other enlightened peoples, even those hardest pressed by adversity, devour the solid nutriment of intellectual and moral culture, some hundred million and more of men and women in this part of the world wallow in the "substantial discontents and visionary satisfactions" which Ruskin eloquently denounced; all the while parading their gaseous and sugary patriotism under the banner of the Constitution as if they, and they alone, were the very elect of God. Perhaps this is only what our "moral leaders" anticipated; there must be more than one American Napoleon who, with his hands reposing on his distended abdomen, is ready to exclaim, "Let me make the drinks of a people, and I care not who shall make their laws"; it all goes very well with coloured lights, and cheap plays, and gaudy advertising, and emotional appeals for purity and reform; but there is no health in it. One might as well expect a "kick" from a temperance cocktail as national stamina from a diet of lemon-squash.

So, too, with liberty, regarding which the forgotten Declaration of Independence has something interesting to say; Americans are still, perhaps, born with it, but it seems to have become a thing to be got rid of as early as possible, like tonsils or the vermiform appendix, lest it breed trouble in after-life. Psychologists are agreed that the worst possible method of bringing up a child is to dose it continually with "don't"; but for the nation at large "don't" is now, apparently, the slogan of salvation. The mighty army of able-bodied Americans which fled in terror before the nameless horrors of beer and light wines has re-formed; and

now, flanked by white-coated attendants and armed with syrups and fizz, it is advancing, Eighteenth Amendment on breast, to the conquest of a gurgling peace. No wonder that otherwise sensible men, enmeshed in this spurting and splashy parade, should yell "Treason!" when a marcher lags behind or an irreverent bystander fails to remove his hat; no wonder that violence and fraud, crass interpretations of law, brazen disregard for common human rights, and legislative or administrative claptrap new every morning and fresh every evening, all besmeared with the bright colours of "social righteousness" and "respect for the Constitution," should follow in the train of the soft-drinks host.

Some day, perhaps, this beloved country will get over its spree, and address itself to the somewhat exacting task of leading a decent and sober life. It will come to understand, perhaps, that men and women are not to be made good by constitutions or laws, that evil is not best combated by running away from it, and that giggling make-believe is a sorry substitute for honesty and truth. It will, we hope, come after a while to take life as in more valiant days it took whisky—straight. If to work and fight and pray that reason and sincerity may before long return to this land of moral blight, to denounce a Constitution that makes bootlegging respectable, or to hold up to ridicule and contempt the canting zealots who hear the voice of God in the squirt of a soda-faucet and read His mandate in the weird mixtures which they ladle with a spoon: if to do these things be treason, then let those who choose make the most of it.

THE QUALITY OF GREATNESS.

How profoundly difficult it is for the man who lives under the influence of an urban civilization and a metropolitan press to preserve any sense of the dignity of the human individual and the weight and consequence of human experience! The externalities of love and hate, marriage and repudiation, birth and death, are everlastingly paraded in casual head-lines, the merest commonplaces of the news; and in the presence of this outward show, so endlessly repeated and so easily dismissed, it requires a kind of special revelation to restore one's understanding of the fact that there is no routine of love and death—that there is no fundamental experience of humanity—that has not in its reality, at each new repetition, the essential quality of greatness.

It is particularly easy to miss this quality in that routine of crime and punishment which figures so largely in the press; and by a kind of poetic justice, it is an article in the press that has just now restored to us some sense of the actuality behind the curtain. In this extraordinary article, "The Sargasso Sea of Passions," published in the *New York Times Magazine* for 9 December, Miss Susan Meriwether Boogher tells the story of her visit to the attic of the Criminal Courts Building in New York City—the property-room of a great company of actors, fearful and pitiable, who have played their parts but once.

Of the keeper of these relics of the dust, Miss Boogher says: "My immediate impression was of kindness . . . his manner of speaking and thinking of crime held no criticism, denunciation, vengeance—rather, a heart-breaking pity—some of the quality of Shakespeare's matchless compassion pervaded his attitude of apology for the sins and sorrows of these minds . . ."

In the high, sky-lighted room, the visitor saw "shelves piled with ungainly bundles, against which

leaned mattresses and doors and stovepipes; swords and clubs and knives and guns, and jugs and jars, and children's toys, and innumerable trunks . . . the properties of no passing show"; the waste of passions "wilted to a dusty death," the material evidence taken in all the murders of a quarter-century past.

Behind each of these grim memorials there lies a tragedy that could have been revealed in all its cataclysmic greatness only by a Dostoevsky or a Hardy. The reality must have escaped the reader of the myriad columns of news that these cases inspired, but it need not altogether elude the man who has read "Tess" or "Crime and Punishment" or "The Idiot." In the murderous chaos of Raskolnikov's mind, in the desperation of Tess's last hour at the inn, he will find the solid truth of this morning's news; and then, when the law takes its course, he may gather from Prince Myshkin some notion of what has happened:

'A murder by sentence is far more dreadful than a murder committed by a criminal . . . In the case of an execution, that last hope—having which it is so immeasurably less dreadful to die—is taken away from the wretch and *certainty* substituted in its place! . . .

'At five o'clock in the morning he [the condemned man] was asleep. It was at the end of October; at five o'clock it was still cold and dark. The superintendent of the prison came in quietly with the guard and touched him carefully on the shoulder. He sat up, leaning on his elbow, saw the light, asked, "What's the matter?" "The execution is at ten o'clock?" . . . At the foot of the ladder he was very pale, and when he was at the top and standing on the scaffold, he became as white as paper, as white as writing paper . . . and yet all the while one knows and remembers everything. . . . And only think that it must be like that up to the last quarter of a second, when his head lies on the block and he waits and . . . *knows*, and suddenly hears above the clang of the iron! He must hear that! If I were lying there, I should listen on purpose and hear.'

Or perhaps the news of some common execution will recall the statelier movement of Hardy's tragedy:

From the middle of the building an ugly flat-topped octagonal tower ascended against the east horizon, and viewed from this spot, on its shady side and against the light, it seemed the one blot on the city's beauty. Yet it was with this blot, and not with the beauty, that the gazers were concerned.

Upon the cornice of the tower a tall staff was fixed. Their eyes were riveted on it, a few minutes after the hour had struck something moved slowly up the staff, and extended itself upon the breeze. It was a black flag.

"Justice" was done, and the President of the Immortals (in Æschylean phrase) had ended his sport with Tess. . . .

MISCELLANY.

A FRIEND just returned from Paris tells me that fishing in the Seine still goes on. This is one of France's oldest and most deeply venerated institutions, and it is kept up proudly as an institution, it seems, because no one ever catches anything except "the recent dog and the translated cat," as Mark Twain reported after long observation of these fishermen, half a century ago. Now that an election is coming on in France next spring, it strikes me that if I were a French politician I would try to turn this institution to practical account and make it serve the good cause.

THE politicians of old Rome were not above this kind of thing. The twenty-first and twenty-second books of Livy's history show pretty plainly that when unusual natural phenomena took place, the public mind usually went along the way that it had been carefully prepared to take; it went in a hurry, too, and did not stop to ask questions. When an election was coming on, for instance, and

"horrible prodigies were announced from all quarters," these portents commonly made more votes than a slush-fund. If I were M. Poincaré, I should manipulate the French press into hinting mysteriously at grave and unheard-of omens soon to appear in the order of nature; and then, about a week before election, I should surreptitiously stock the Seine. Superstition dies hard; and three or four big hauls of fish out of that barren stream would be enough of a miracle to put the Government back in office with votes to spare.

I AM moved to say a word right here about the great American game, Mah Jong. As a means of killing time, this game is well enough adapted to the needs of those who have time to kill, and who can actually find enjoyment in this method of doing the job; but I rather suspect that most of the people in New York City who are taking courses by correspondence, or otherwise, in the technique of this new parchesi (under any one of its various names and aliases) are doing so not because they like it, but because they have been advertised into it, or conscripted in some other fashion. The conversation which passed recently between an acquaintance and myself will show, perhaps, what kind of foundation our Chinese-American civilization is built on: "Do you enjoy the game?" I asked. "No, I loathe it." "Then why are you trying to learn it?" "Well, if I don't know how, I shan't be invited to the parties where every one has to play."

WHO can understand the queer twist that causes some persons to search out and magnify small flaws in a generally and preponderantly good piece of work? Reading a very good novel by Mr. Hugh Walpole last week, I noticed that in his first chapter he introduces a boy twenty-one years old, and two-thirds of the way through the book he has the boy's parents only twenty years married. In a new book by a Scotch traveller, too, I notice that he has himself leaving Paris for Brussels from the St. Lazare station, and that he puts Pass Christian on the shore of Lake Pontchartrain. These bits of treasure-trove made me wish they had been discovered by some one more interested in slips of that sort, for I reconcile myself to them with great calmness and can not get worked up over them. A true passion for perfection does not express itself in elation over such discoveries; one is too well aware of one's own fallibility. Those who have the deepest passion for perfection are as a rule, I think, the least exacting upon others. I had a very tart letter a few days ago from a teacher in one of our principal women's colleges, taking me querulously to task for something I had written—and pure matter of opinion at that—and I remarked with real regret that within the space of five lines she had managed to mis-spell two very common English words!

THE gramophone has already more than paid its way by recording the works of dead artists, and the motion-picture has done something with scenes that may perhaps become historic. Has it ever occurred to anyone that a film of two popular amusements, horseback-riding and walking, might shortly have a substantial antiquarian interest? I think that in fifty years a film showing people on horseback in Central Park, or strolling there or on Fifth Avenue on foot, would probably excite a considerable curiosity. Indeed, the regular Sunday afternoon's promenade on Fifth Avenue has already disappeared with all its harmless pomp and glory. There is a sort of survival of the practice once a year on Easter Sunday, if the weather is good, but even that is not as elaborate as the ordinary Sunday's function was a few years ago.

JOURNEYMAN.

A MODERNIST EXAMPLE.

FIFTEEN years ago religious circles in England and America were reading, with mingled emotion and curiosity, an English translation of a small French book which was shortly to bring upon its author, the Abbé Alfred Loisy, official and irrevocable condemnation from Rome as a modernist. There was little in "The Gospel and the Church" to recall the bitter controversy which the writings of Renan, a generation and a half before, had stirred up; nor was the book obviously reminiscent, save to scholars, of the destructive Biblical criticism of the German rationalist school. The book was brief; it was quietly and even soberly written; it paraded no apparatus of learning. Yet it embodied, with notable compactness and completeness, the essence of the strictures which Catholic modernism had made bold to direct against the Church as an exponent of Christian faith and practice; and from its pages one looked out, as through a spacious window, upon what to many appeared as the dawning light of a new religious day.

What was the modernism to which M. Loisy, a Roman Catholic theologian and erudite historian for whom personal publicity had no charm, found his mind impelled, and for whose hopes and verities he suffered, in March, 1908, the final penalty of excommunication? Judged by its literature—and its literature in France, England and America was voluminous during the few years in which the movement was strong—modernism was not violently aggressive. Its kinship with the historical rationalism of Renan or the mixed historical and philosophical rationalism of the Tübingen school was remote; and its teachings, if not all of their implications, were accepted for a time by thousands to whom all merely rationalistic attack upon Christianity was offensive. It bristled, indeed, with learning, but it nevertheless remained devout. The virtue of spirituality, of consecration and devotion in the full religious connotations of the terms, is not to be denied to any of those who became adherents or protagonists of the movement. Yet although one may shrink from affirming, in the biting phrase of an American critic, that modernism was at bottom only another ingenious device for keeping up appearances, the phrase nevertheless holds a heavy weight of truth. Modernism bored from within. Those who championed it sought to reform the teachings, and in consequence the practices, of the Church while remaining in the Church. It was hardly a new theology; it aimed, rather, to restate the theology of the Church Fathers and the Councils in terms of modern thought. The great historical tradition of one Catholic and Apostolic Church, holding in trust the revealed word of God for the one sure salvation of men, it did not seek either to break or to destroy; but it would rid the tradition of superstition and excess, bring ancient doctrine into accord with accumulated knowledge and developed reason, and prune away from ceremonies and observances the elaborate furnishings, often tawdry and spiritually meaningless, which through the ages had come to embarrass and disfigure them. The modernist craved a breath of fresh air, but of air which should blow through the resplendent windows and stately arches of the historical Church.

It was doubtless because of this preoccupation with reform within the Church that modernism, once it had made itself felt in England and America, became identified in those countries, not alone in the popular mind but also, to a considerable extent, in the thought of many who should have been able to understand more clearly its intellectual and spiritual content, with

the then active interest in church unity. Roman Catholicism, whatever its hold fifteen years ago upon certain classes in England and the United States, was too weak a religious force to permit of giving to a somewhat didactic discussion of its doctrine and ceremonies, in the face of a prevailing Protestantism, a wide popular appeal. The outlook for sectarian unity, on the other hand, seemed to many zealous Christians to be distinctly brightened by the modernist attempt at a restatement of Catholic doctrine and a simplification of Catholic ritual; and the Church of England and its Protestant Episcopal sister in the United States took on for a time, in nonepiscopal communions, a new interest as a *via media* upon which the sects might possibly enter. Anyone who will turn the files of the English or American religious press, particularly the sections representing Methodist, Congregational or Presbyterian opinion, for the years 1907-9, will be struck by the sympathetic spirit in which the modernist movement was often treated. What in England had once been debated and laboured for as "comprehension" reappeared, for a brief period, not indeed under its historical form of a demand for toleration of diverse opinions within an episcopal organization, but as a generous call for charity toward divergent usages and beliefs, and a frank consideration of the possibilities of organic union in faith and observance.

Yet modernism failed, as it was bound to fail, not merely because of the irresistible pressure which Rome eventually put upon it, nor yet because the soil in which its seeds were planted was hard and dry, but because its own roots were not and could not become deep. The imposing structure of Roman faith and practice which for ages had been builded was more than a fortress to be attacked or an Augæan stable to be cleansed; it was a system of religious philosophy to be taken, or left, as a whole. The generous souls whom Tennyson's "Ancient Sage," twenty years before M. Loisy published "The Gospel and the Church," had bidden "cling to faith beyond the forms of faith," might dream of a Roman Church purged of the pagan or Jewish superstitions, the outgrown theology and the empty forms which offended them; but the system was too firmly knit to be readjusted and too logical to be reformed. To be in the Church but not of it was a position intellectually untenable; for faith without the forms of faith there was no permanent place within the Roman communion.

I was interested, some months ago, to learn how M. Loisy, now an honoured professor in the Collège de France, had come to regard the movement in which he was for a time a leader, and what had been the direction in which his thought had travelled during his fifteen years and more of intellectual freedom. I found him in his modest apartment, surrounded by his books, and with the manuscript-notes of his lectures still growing, perhaps into further books, under his tireless hand. A few moments of reminiscence, however, concerned for the most part with old friends in England and America whom his unsanctioned writings had brought to him, exhausted the more obvious phases of the subject of which I had come to talk. Modernism, M. Loisy assured me, was dead in France and Italy, the only Continental countries in which it had much developed. A few modernists, silenced by ecclesiastical authority, were still to be found among the Roman clergy; but far the larger number of those who had once espoused the modernist cause had long since returned, outwardly at least, to the familiar position which for a time they had abandoned. It was clear that, to him, the cause was not only lost, but had

ceased to hold other than a historical interest. The things that concerned him now were the religious tasks of the present, set in the multiple forces of good and evil which struggle for mastery in a world still suffering from the spiritual demoralization of war. What, I ventured to ask him, if he could have his way, would religion be now?

For answer, he handed me his volume entitled "Religion," published while the world-war was still in progress. The book is not easy reading, and the style is not French; but the teaching is clear. The great dogmas of the Church have been discarded, and with them most of the forms which give to faith its outward expression. Recognizing to the full the innate demand of the human soul for a God in whom one may believe and to whom prayer may be offered, and for forms in which faith may be expressed, the traditional conception of Jesus as divine, and of the Church as the one true avenue to salvation either in this life or in the next, has taken its place in M. Loisy's mind with the things that have been. The religion of Jesus has become to him a religion of humanity; and it is to the human Christ, the only one of all the great messiahs who sealed his testimony with his blood, that men ought now to turn for inspiration, guidance and satisfaction. The world has long rendered lip-service to a remote and impossible divinity, and sought in the obscurities of philosophy and the enticing obligations of ritual the gratification of its spiritual needs. The time has come to return to the human Jesus of history, and to mould humanity as Jesus, in the simplicity of his life and teachings, conceived of humanity as able to become.

How far this conception of a human Christianity, if such a characterization may be allowed, differs from the conception which traditionally, at least, has been regarded as implicit in the New Testament writings, is strikingly illustrated by the paraphrases of the opening verses of the Gospel according to John with which the chapters of "Religion" are prefaced.

In the beginning was duty, and duty was in humanity, and duty was humanity.

Duty was at the beginning in humanity. All things were made by it, and without it nothing was made that was made.

Duty was life, and life was the light of men. The light shone in the darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not.

The true light which lighteth every man is come into the world. To all those who have received it, it has given power to become the children of humanity, because they believe in it.

And duty was made man, and dwelt among us, and we have seen its glory, the perfection of goodness and truth.

It is clear that this religion of humanity to which M. Loisy, now in the large sense a free-thinker, stands committed is as far removed, on the one hand, from the essentially faithless rationalism of those who view themselves in a looking-glass and call the reflection God, as it is, on the other, from Roman Catholicism or most forms of Protestantism. It is human service, but service permeated with the spirit of Jesus; it is personal discipline and sacrifice, but the discipline and sacrifice are rooted in the Christian ideal; it is crusading zeal, but the inspiration of the zeal is the example of an unselfish life crowned by a noble death. It is an appeal to reality against superstition and glamour, but at the same time a call to simplicity and directness through the aid of appropriate symbols. The religion of humanity is the enemy of war, the opponent of social injustice, the definitive destroyer of caste, the practical builder of everyday righteousness, and the veritable soul of liberty. But it is not a religion espoused by any great historical church, whether

Roman or any other; nor is it a religion whose tenets any historical creed embodies in either substance or form.

Nevertheless, it is natural to ask whether the Roman Church, which excommunicated M. Loisy and condemned his teachings, has itself remained wholly foreign to this humanitarian trend. As far as France is concerned, the answer is clouded by the contrast between appearance and reality. Never, perhaps, in certain large domains, has the social and spiritual ministry of the Church in France been more active than during and since the war. Never, in the metropolitan parishes, have there been more eloquent preaching, more gorgeous ceremonial, or finer music on special occasions. The black-gowned figures of priests and students, mingled with those of boys and girls dressed for their first communion, are to be met with at every turn. The church buildings are crowded at the principal services, while in and out, from morning until night, passes an endless stream of men and women who come to pray for themselves or for their dead. Yet the doctrinal substance of the sermons, however practical the lessons that may be drawn, is as ancient in its thought as though modernism had never been, and one scans the congregations in vain for any appreciable representation of either working-men or intellectuals.

It is the same on the social and educational sides. If abounding activity could ever make a nation good, then the Church in France is doing its duty abundantly. The shelves and windows of Catholic bookshops are filled, not alone with learned treatises in theology or history, lives of saints and manuals of devotion, but also with an impressive array of popular books on economic questions, labour and capital, and even politics. Popular lectures by priests on all kinds of subjects come in an unbroken chain, and social organizations and clubs without number are bringing men, women and children together about one or another common interest. Yet behind the appealing front is quickly to be found the unchanging Church. The learned treatises are at one in spirit and method with their predecessors of three hundred years, and the popular social manuals concede no inch of ground to modern thought where the mark of authority has once been set up. The innumerable Catholic societies, full of good works as many of them are, are all of them primarily societies for the propagation and strengthening of the faith once delivered to the saints; and the organization of syndicates of "Christian" or Catholic workingmen which has gone on rapidly in the industrial centres, has been more successful in further weakening the Confédération Générale du Travail, already split by communism, than in securing for labour the satisfaction of its demands.

The same historical sympathy with reaction shows itself in the policy of the Church in the confused political situation which has developed in France since the war. It was to be expected that the Church, in priesthood and laity, notwithstanding the grievance of the separation laws, should throw itself whole-heartedly upon the side of France in the fight with Germany. One observes to-day, however, in pulpit addresses and popular literature from Catholic sources, a marked disposition to keep open the wounds of war, to glorify the military life present and past, and to stay up the hands of the Government in the severities of its course regarding the German reparations. It is matter of profound significance for the intellectual and moral life of contemporary France that the pacifist movement, with its unrestrained condemnation of war-profiteering

and provocative business-intrigue, which is making itself felt widely and deeply in French literature, owes nothing either of inspiration or of friendliness to the Church, and that some of the textbooks used in the Church elementary schools openly inculcate nationalistic hatred and revenge. The solid alliance of the Roman hierarchy and the *bloc national*, already bearing fruit in the imminent return of various monastic orders and the recovery of valuable Church property which the separation laws took away, is an issue of current French politics with far-reaching implications.

It is a safe prediction that there will be no revival of modernism in France, and that, with Protestantism a negligible force notwithstanding numerical gains through the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine, no religious awakening of much importance within any established ecclesiastical lines is to be anticipated. The grave danger of the moment is that France will before long become, in the overwhelming majority of its population, a nation without religion. Communist doctrine, spreading rapidly among the industrial wage-earners and public functionaries in spite of drastic efforts to repress it, and with ominously widespread sympathy in the ranks of the younger intellectuals, is aggressively arrayed against religion in every form; while in radical socialist circles the Church, denounced as the handmaid of capitalism, is everywhere regarded as one of the great enemies to be destroyed. The fact that a novel like Roland Dorgelès's "Saint Magloire," depicting in vivid colours the revolutionary teachings of a human Jesus, attains a circulation of many thousand copies in the face of a "conspiracy of silence" in certain influential quarters, is a hopeful sign, but the significance of a single book is not to be overrated.

It is a fair question whether the results of the modernist movement in France are not the results most likely to come about in any religious body in which a fundamental controversy over tenets of faith arises. "Boring from within" may lead to better definition of beliefs already unquestioningly held, and thus indirectly stimulate and clarify the spiritual life of clergy and laity alike; but when dogmas themselves are openly attacked, the result, after the battle has ended, is likely to be a strengthening of reaction on the one side, and, on the other, the sloughing off of individuals and groups whose religious influence presently ceases to be of importance. Certainly the only religion that appeals at all to-day to the younger French intellectuals or the masses of intelligent workers is a religion of humanity, but it would be straining the accustomed meaning of words to call this religion of humanity Christian. The solution, if solution there be, lies in another direction. If the historic creeds of Christendom no longer voice the teachings of Jesus as those teachings are now understood, or if time-honoured ritual no longer embodies the spiritual truths which alone appeal to the modern mind, the remedy is to be found only in a thoroughgoing restatement of Christian doctrine in terms of present apprehension. For the Protestant modernist to follow in the footsteps of his Catholic predecessors, and attempt to refashion both kernel and husk without changing the essential nature of the fruit, is to accomplish no useful result either for religion or for mankind.

WILLIAM MACDONALD.

AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE.

THE HERITAGE OF THE RENAISSANCE.
THE forces that undermined the mediæval civilization of Europe sapped the vitality from the little centres it had deposited in America; but what hap-

pened in the course of three or four centuries in Europe took scarcely a hundred years on this side of the Atlantic.

Economically and culturally, the village community had been pretty well self-contained: it scraped along on its immediate resources, and if it could not purchase for itself the "best of everything," it at least made the most of what it had. In every detail of house-construction, from the setting of the fireplaces to the slope of the roof, there were local peculiarities which distinguished not merely the Dutch settlements from the English, but which even characterized several settlements in Rhode Island that were scarcely a day's tramp apart. The limitation of materials and the carpenter's profound ignorance of "style" made for freedom and diversity. It remained for the eighteenth century to erect a single canon of taste.

With the end of the seventeenth century the economic basis of this village life shifted from the farm to the sea. This change had much the same effect upon New England, where the village community proper alone had flourished, that fur-trading had upon New York: it broke up the internal unity of the village by giving separate individuals the opportunity, by what was literally a "lucky haul," to achieve a position of financial superiority. Fishermen are the miners of the water. Instead of the long, watchful care that the farmer must exercise from planting-time to harvest, fishing demands a sharp eye and a quick, hard stroke of work; and since what the Germans vulgarly call *Sitzfleisch* is not one of the primary qualities of a free lad, it is no wonder that the sea weaned the young folks of New England away from the drudgeries of its boulder-strewn farms. With fishing, trading, and building wooden vessels for sale in foreign ports, riches poured into maritime New England; and what followed scarcely needs an explanation.

These villages ceased to be communities of farmers, working the land and standing squarely on their own soil; they became commercial towns which, instead of trading for a living, simply lived for trade. With this change, castes arose; first the division between the poor and the rich, and then between craftsmen and merchants, between the independent workers and the menials. The common concerns of all the townsfolk took second rank; the privileges of the great landlords and merchants warped the development of the community. Boston, by the middle of the eighteenth century, was rich in public buildings, including four schoolhouses, seventeen churches, a Town House, a Province House and Faneuil Hall—a pretty large collection for a town whose twenty thousand inhabitants would scarcely fill a single block of tenements in the Bronx; but by this time a thousand inhabitants were set down as poor, and an almshouse and a workhouse had been provided for them.

For about a hundred years the carpenter-builder, living up to the standards of his guild, remained upon the scene; and he continued to work in a forthright and honest and painstaking manner. Unfortunately, he gradually lost his position as an independent man, building intelligently for his equals; for he was forced to meet the swift, corrosive influences brought in from other lands by men who had visited the ports of the world; and he must set his sails in order to catch the new winds of fashion. What were these winds, and what effect did they have upon the architecture of the time?

Most of the influences that came by way of trade affected only the accent of architecture; the language remained a homely vernacular. In the middle of the

eighteenth century, China sent over wall-paper; and in the Metropolitan Museum there is an American lacquered cabinet dated as early as 1700, decorated with obscure little Chinese figures in gilded gesso. "China" itself came in to take the place of pewter and earthenware in the finer houses; while in the gardens of the great manors, pavilions and pagodas done more or less in the Chinese manner were fashionable. Even Thomas Jefferson, with his impeccably classical taste, designed such a pavilion for Monticello before the Revolution. This specific Chinese influence was part of that large, eclectic, Oriental influence of the eighteenth century: the cultural spirit that produced Montesquieu's "*Lettres Persanes*" also led to the translation of the Chinese and Sanskrit and Persian classics, and by a more direct route brought home Turkish dressing-gowns, turbans and slippers to Boston merchants. In Copley's painting of Nicholas Boylston, in 1767, these Turkish ornaments rise comically against the suggestion of a Corinthian pillar in the background; and this pillar recalls to us the principal influence of the time—that of classical civilization. This influence entered America first as a *motif* in decoration, and passed out only after it had become a dominating motive in life.

The Renaissance was an orientation of the European mind towards the forms of Roman and Greek civilization, and towards the meaning of classical culture. On the latter side its impulse was plainly a liberating one; it delivered the human soul from a cell of torments in which there were no modulating interests or activities between the base satisfactions of the temporal life and the beatitudes of heaven; with the Renaissance the god-beast became once again a man. Moreover, just when the Catholic culture of Christendom was breaking down under the influence of heresy and scepticism, the classics brought to the educated men of Europe a common theme which saved them from complete intellectual vagrancy. The influence of classical civilization, on the other hand, was not an unmixed good; for it served all too quickly to stereotype in old forms a spirit which had been freshly reborn, and it set up a servile principle in the arts which has in part been responsible for the wreck of both taste and craftsmanship.

The first builders of the Renaissance, in Italy, were not primarily architects; they were rather supreme artists in the minor crafts; and their chief failing, perhaps, was that they wished to stamp with their personal imprint all the thousand details of sculpture, painting and carving which had once been left to the humble craftsman. Presently, the technical knowledge of the outward treatment of a building became the touchstone to success; and a literal understanding of the products of antiquity took the place in lesser men of personal inspiration. The result was that architecture became more and more a thing of paper designs and exact archaeological measurements; the workman was condemned to carry out in a faithful, slavish way the details which the architect himself had acquired in a similar fashion. So the architect ceased to be a master builder working among comrades of wide experience and travel; he became a Renaissance gentleman who merely gave orders to his servants.

Victor Hugo said in "*Notre-Dame*" that the printing press destroyed architecture, which had hitherto been the stone-record of mankind. The real misdemeanour of the printing press, however, was not that it took literary values away from architecture, but that it caused architecture to derive its value from literature. With the Renaissance the great modern

distinction between the literate and the illiterate extends even to building; the master mason who knew his stone and his workmen and his tools gave way to the architect who knew his Palladio and his Vignola and his Vitruvius. Architecture, instead of striving to leave the imprint of a happy spirit on the superficies of the building, became a mere matter of grammatical accuracy and careful pronunciation. The Five Orders were as unchallengeable as the eighty-one rules of Latin syntax. To build with a pointed arch was barbarous, to build with disregard for formal symmetry was barbarous, to permit the common workman to carry out his individual taste in carving was to risk vulgarity and pander to an obsolete sense of democracy. The classics had, it is true, united Europe anew in a catholic culture; but alas! it was only the leisured upper classes who could fully take possession of this new kingdom of the mind. The Five Orders remained firmly entrenched on one side, the "lower orders" on the other.

Hereafter, architecture lives by the book. First it is Palladio; then it is Burlington and Chambers; then, after the middle of the eighteenth century, the brothers Adam and Stuart's "*Antiquities of Athens*." Simpler works, with detailed prescriptions for building in the fashionable mode, made their way in the late seventeenth century among the smaller fry of carpenters and builders. The Renaissance in architecture reached England at about the time of the Great Fire (1666), fully two generations after the Italian influence had made its way into English literature; and it came to America, as one might guess, about a generation later. It was left for Alexander Pope, who himself was a dutiful Augustan, to sum up the situation with classic precision in an epistle to Lord Burlington, who had published Palladio's "*Antiquities of Rome*:

You show us Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use.
Yet shall, my lord, your just and noble rules
Fill half the land with imitation fools;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take
And of one beauty many blunders make.

These lines were a warning and a prophecy. The warning was timely; and the prophecy came true, except in those districts in which the carpenter continued to ply his craft without the overlordship of the architect.

The first effect of the Renaissance forms in America was not to destroy the vernacular but to perfect it; for it provided the carpenter-builder, whose distance from Europe kept him from profiting by the spirited work of his forbears, with a series of ornamental motifs. New England, under the influence of an idol-breaking Puritanism, had been singularly poor in decoration; its modest architectural effects relied solely on mass, colour, and a nice disposition of the parts. In its decorative aspects, mediævalism had left but a trace in America; the carved grotesque heads on the façade of the Van Cortlandt mansion in New York, and the painted decorations in some of the older houses and barns among the Pennsylvania Dutch pretty well complete the tally. Classical motifs served to fill this blank in provincial architecture; and as long as the carpenter worked by himself, the classic influence was confined to little details like the fan-lights, the mouldings, the pillars of the portico, and so on. In the rural districts of New England, from Maine to Connecticut, the carpenter keeps on building in a solid, traditional manner down to the time that

the jig-saw overwhelms a mechanically hypnotized age; and even through the jig-saw period the frame, the proportions and the plan often remained close to the tradition. The classical did not, in fact, supplant the vernacular in America until the last vestiges of the guild and the village community had passed away, and the economic conditions appropriate to the Renaissance culture had made their appearance.

By studying the classical forms at one remove, the builders of the eighteenth century in America had the same kind of advantage that Wren had in England. Wren's "Renaissance" churches, with their box-like naves, and their series of superimposed orders as steeples, had no parallel, as far as I am aware, in Italy, and certainly had no likeness to anything that had been built in classical times; they were the products of a playful and original fancy, like the centaur or the mermaid. Mere knowledge, mere imitation, would never have achieved Renaissance architecture; it was the very imperfection of the knowledge and the discipleship that made it the appropriate shell of the age. Coming to America in handbooks and prints, chastely rendered, the models of antiquity were, down to the Revolution, followed just as far as they conveniently served; instead of curbing invention, they gave it a more definite problem to work upon.

It was a happy accident that made the carpenter-builders and cabinet-makers of America see their China, their Paris, their Rome through a distance, dimly. What those who love the eighteenth-century style do not, perhaps, see is that an accident can not be recovered. However painstakingly we may cut the waistcoat, the stock, the knee breeches of an eighteenth-century costume, it is now only a fancy dress: its "moment" in history is over. The same principle holds true for Georgian or colonial architecture, even more than it does for that of the seventeenth century; for one might indeed conceive of a breakdown in the transportation-system or the credit-system which would force a builder to rely for a while upon the products of his own region; whereas, while our civilization remains intact there are a hundred handbooks, measured drawings and photographs, which make a naïve recovery of antiquity impossible.

Once we have genuinely appreciated the influence that created early colonial architecture, we see that it is irrecoverable: what we call a revival is really a second burial. All the king's horses and all the king's men have been hauling and tugging vigorously during the last fifty years to bring back the simple beauties and graces of colonial dwellings, and the collector's hunt for the products of the Salem, Newburyport and Philadelphia cabinet-makers is a long and merry one; but the only beneficent effect of this movement has been the preservation of a handful of domestic antiquities, which would otherwise have been impiously torn down. What we have built in the colonial mode is all very well in its way; unfortunately it bears the same relation to the work of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries that the Woolworth Building bears to the cathedrals of the Middle Age, or the patriotism of the National Security League to the principles of Franklin and Jefferson. Photographic accuracy, neatly touched up—this is its capital virtue; and plainly, it has precious little to do with a living architecture. Like the ruined chapel in "*The Pirates of Penzance*," our modern colonial houses are too often attached to ancestral estates that were established—a year ago; and if their occupants are "descendants by purchase," what shall we say of their architects?

LEWIS MUMFORD.

LOVE IN ANCIENT ROME.

THE agonies of Catullus upon discovering the infidelities of his Lesbia comprise the world's supreme tale of tragic love. Romeo may have been more melancholy in the mode of his approach to the catastrophe with Juliet. Abelard pined in a woe more ethereal than that of the pagan poet. Troilus knew the shame of an exposure of his heart before a mocking world when his misadventure with Cressida made him the laughingstock of a camp. Nevertheless, in our pity for the fate of all these, let it be remembered that Catullus—although the most articulate in his agony—lacked the consolations of their delight. Catullus never knew the ecstasy of him who becomes the object of a woman's first requited love. His was the anguish of discovering himself to have been in a fool's paradise without a fool's capacity for fleeting joys in it.

Not that Catullus rivets the attention of mankind because of his tremendous passion only, although that, too, casts the glory of its halo around his young head. He died at thirty. What glorifies him is less his youth or his passion than his genius. He was the greatest lyric poet of ancient Rome, but he was beyond all doubt the world's most unfortunate lover. Leander in the Hellespont is enviable beside him. No poet since Catullus has equalled him in transmuting into the purest artistry of lyric line the emotions, the ecstasies and the despairs of a young lover's soul. Reading his verse, we are in a psychological laboratory with a broken heart. Freud himself could ask for no greater wealth of material. The case, as an expert would say, is well documented. Wordsworth refers to the sonnet as the key with which Shakespeare unlocked his heart. He might have added that with the lyric, Catullus, in Shakespeare's phrase, cleared his bosom of that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart. Macaulay confessed that he could not read without tears the lines in which Catullus reveals his own impotence in the power of a passion from which he begged whatever gods are good to deliver him. Hamlet himself never writhed and agonized in a fuller exposure of his soul at the spectacle of woman's wickedness.

Marvelling, as he must, at the publicity of the love-affairs of Lesbia and her lady friends, the modern man gasps at their impunity as they flaunted their unchastity in a beautiful pagan manner. Unchastity had become a code, and they who understood its exquisite ethics lived in bold sensuality. In the era rendered golden by the verses of Catullus, women of the highest social position were openly charged with the murder of their political foes, with the murder of their paramours, with the murder of their husbands. Orators thundered vainly in immortal Latin against the brazenness of such creatures. The ladies went on serenely feasting their lovers, dooming their slaves to destruction, bribing the great officials of the city. The Roman Republic sank for ever in the sewer of its own sensuality amid agonies of soul that find their eternal echo in the lyrics of Catullus. He alone among the great pagan poets is wrung by what a modern theologian might call a personal consciousness of sin.

Woman in ancient Rome, like woman in ancient Athens, had triumphed over the disadvantage of not having the ballot, or rather of not being permitted to express herself in the popular assembly. When the Lesbia to whom Catullus addressed his lament for her dead sparrow dominated the politics of the Appian Way—behind the scenes, of course—the population of the Eternal City was about a million and a quarter. The condition of the crowd may be surmised from the distribution of landed property in Rome.

The owners of their own homes did not exceed two thousand in number. The masses of the people, of the voters whose turbulence in the forum rings down the

ages to us, slept in huge barracks. These were known colloquially as "islands." They were immense seven-story affairs with tiny rooms everywhere into which the "free" Roman citizen without any kind of property in land was free to squeeze himself as well as he could for the privilege of sleeping upon the floor among a mass of dried leaves. There were some forty-five thousand of these "islands" in the days of Catullus. The land upon which many of them stood belonged to the family of Lesbia. Her husband derived an income from these barracks, not paid directly by the wretches who lived in them but charged against the treasury. The brother of Lesbia owned many places of this sort. She owned enough land in the city to make her wealthy in her own right. She was the wife, the daughter and the mistress of owners of landed property upon an immense scale in the Rome of Catullus. This detail affords the clue to her career.

The crowd, thanks to the liberality of the family of Lesbia and the people of their sort, occupied itself with the theatre, which was obscene; with the games, which were cruel; with the speeches in the forum, which were mendacious; with the quarrels of the husbands, the lovers and the paramours of great ladies for possession of public office, which were scandalous. The "free" men, who did not own an inch of the soil upon which they stood, atoned for their destitution by pressing into the throngs that made their way to the palace of a patron. Catullus was in this crowd that circled about the Lesbias, the Clodias, the Hostias of the hour. He soon emerged because of his genius, and because his people in the country were in a position to help him out with money now and then.

The personal character implied in a woman competent to influence the action of such a constituency is sufficiently indicated in the tremendous lyrics of her lover, lyrics fully explaining the immortality of Catullus as passion's greatest slave. He does not accuse his Lesbia of having actually poisoned her husband—her political foes saw to the dissemination of that gossip—but he accuses her of infamies no less undying. This heroine of the most exquisite lyrics ever inspired by a wicked woman in a poet of genius is left by his masterpieces without a shred of character. Lecherous, deceitful, sanguinary and middle-aged, she is too feline in her furies, too violent in her vanities, too Roman in her riotous excess. Her fights with her husband were almost gladiatorial, and her quarrels with her paramours were the babbles of the barracks. The most felicitous of the lyrical effects of Catullus take the form of a hint that she may have been born of a lioness.

There never lived in any age such a coterie of leering landlords and lustful landladies as comprised the circle in which this Lesbia moved beautifully like a panther. Catullus records in his finest lyrical effects that he would almost swoon from ecstasy in the contemplation of her form and face. All this was the kind of thing for which the women who led Roman society then were famous, although they owed their real importance to their property in land. They divorced and they remarried as a form of speculation in real estate. The luckless Catullus did not comprehend the economics of his situation at all.

His Lesbia instigated the most tremendous political battles in which Cicero was involved. She was the sister of one of the leading politicians of the day, and because of that circumstance she could make it difficult for the most eloquent man in Rome to carry a motion in the forum. She loaned money to professional assassins, and never asked for its return if they slew the statesmen she disliked. She had large, quiet eyes—Cicero borrows a Homeric epithet to describe them—which gazed unshrinkingly forth upon a world she helped to make mad. She was the type of matron scored by Juvenal in his greatest satires.

Her personal extravagance had long been the talk of the city. She and her lady friends adorned a set which wore gems by wholesale. They presided over banquets at which the brains of peacocks, delicately cooked in perfumed sauces, were served by all but naked slaves of both sexes upon gold plates, while the tongues of nightingales were set before the guests saturated with wine in bejewelled cups. Lesbia had a passion for literature as well as a passion for life, and her Catullus won her with his lyrics. She lay down with him to dinners at which emetics were provided by a considerate host for the fifteenth course; and she may have been one of the Roman matrons who from the sheer luxury of a sated lust contracted the gout. She had an exquisitely playful nature too, being madly infatuated with a sparrow for which she shed tears when it died. Having quarrelled with Catullus, she rushed in upon the young poet one morning and insisted upon the reconciliation that resulted in the greatest of Latin lyrics and the worst of Roman scandals.

Lesbia was thus the mistress of her world, and still Catullus, in all the exquisite verse he dedicates to this creature, betrays no suspicion of woman's rebellion against the instinct of the male to possess the object of his love as if she were his chattel. A young and inexperienced girl is thrilled by the slightest manifestation of any such instinct. It comprises her first revelation of the soul of man, the first unveiling to her eyes of the mystery of masculinity. A woman of the world and a jaded woman at that responds to no such stimulus in a virginal manner. The instincts of the loud and lofty Lesbia were—if the word may be used thus—too political for any yielding to the monopolistic moods of Catullus. His point of view, set forth so artlessly in that imperishable verse of his, disclosed the mere boy. She was a middle-aged woman of a world in which moved Cicero, Catiline and the Senators of the closing days of the Republic.

To Lesbia this impetuous poet, this Valerius Catullus, must have proved something of a trial, however beautiful he seemed in his fresh youth, with his sweetness of manner, his grace of gesture. Catullus was from the country, and he showed it in every word and in every way. Yet Catullus was famous even in that age of fops for the care he took of his personal appearance. He poked fun at one of his young friends for displaying a fine set of teeth ostentatiously, although he had attained celebrity himself for the fineness of the gestures with which he strutted along the Appian Way.

He had saturated his mind in the poetry of Greece. He knew his Homer, his Æschylus and his Sophocles as well as his Euripides, nor must we forget that the entire treasure of Hellenic literature was open to Catullus. He had to put up with no such mutilated remnant of the Greek plays as must content ourselves. His Lesbia was not less learned. The period was one of women who blended learning with their licence and wisdom with their wickedness. She knew Greek as well as Latin. She could play every musical instrument even to the blaring trumpet. She beat the tympanum in the Bacchic revels. She danced naked on mountain-slopes in the light of the moon.

On every account, accordingly, we have to pardon Catullus whenever he displays in his characterization of Lesbia a vehemence in invective altogether alien to our notion of the sort of language a gentleman should apply to a lady. Yet Catullus enjoyed in Roman society the position of a gentleman. Lesbia corresponded precisely to the ancient Roman notion of a perfect lady in the closing days of the Republic. He writes of her in lines of such exquisite beauty that we forget while reading them their affinity with pleadings in a divorce court.

The genius of Catullus alone enables him to go to these extremes without becoming vulgarly obscene. His thought as he unveils it seems actually spiritualized at times. He

is a psychologist in describing the tortures of his state of conflict. His love for Lesbia has become the poisoned cup at the lips of his soul. He loves and he hates. How can he do that? If he be asked that, he confesses, he can but say that it is as he says and that he is in torment. He would spew this black disease, as he calls it, from his bosom.

Lesbia brought home to him the true nature of evil in the soul of woman. She had to be wicked for the sake of her political influence. One suspects that at heart she sympathized with the agony of her young lover. She did not wish to destroy him utterly. At some risk to her social position—a suspicious husband had still to be poisoned—she visited Catullus by stealth and thus rescued him from the night of his despair. The young poet—like men in general who thus abandon themselves to an illicit love—could make no allowance for the difficulties of the woman's position. She met Catullus at the house of a mutual friend and tried perhaps to put a little common sense into his head. He reviles her for no better reason than that she would not give up all her world for a youth who could give her nothing in return or only the moods of his passion, which her woman's instinct told her were fleeting, and the enshrinement in his lyrics which was to win her an imperishable renown. But she did not know this. And what if she had? There is reason to fear that she was old enough to have been his mother, and her sense of humour was acute.

Balzac got a glimpse of what all this kind of thing means, and he has set down his impression with his characteristic power. However influential a politician may become, he notes, he always needs a woman to set against a woman. Rome at the height of her power, he adds, yielded to this necessity. The observation sums up the career of Lesbia. Balzac might even have had this same Lesbia in mind when he said that woman is the most logical of created beings—that she is swayed by one dominant passion and can make that passion the very centre of the world she has to dwell in.

The ancient Roman masses had discovered this long before Balzac. They got their board and their lodging free by trading upon this neglected aspect of woman's nature. It remains to be seen how this phase of the feminine soul is to influence the destinies of our own republic under woman suffrage. Woman to-day is not a pagan in Lesbia's fashion. She has the message of Christianity by heart, and Lesbia died before Jesus was born. Yet there remains Pope's disturbing reflection that every woman is at heart a rake, although it could be retorted that he who is without sin may first cast a stone.

ALEXANDER HARVEY.

"DEAD JUNK."

"My name," said the red-cheeked, red-boutonniered man who bore down on me rapidly from the doorway and grasped my hand in both of his, "is Tiffen, E. Tiffen, Elisha Tiffen, sir; Tiff for short; an' I'm N'Yorrker. In real-estate-loan brok'rage-business there. Biggest individ'l real-estate-loan broker in N'Yorrk; once had hon'r of off'ring man twenty-seven millyun doll'rs for N'Yorrk skyscraper; that's big business, that's exciting, that's ro-mance! Ben onna three months trip: N'Yorrk t' Chicawgo, Chicawgo t' Vancouver—say, Vancouver swell town but kinda slow—Vancouver t' Honolulu, Honolulu t' Frisco; an' now goin' t' Yosemite f'ra day, Los Anglus f'r two days, Grand Can-yun f'ra day, an' then home t'N'Yorrk. 'S my first trip Wes'. Ben goin' t'Europe ev'ry year f'r ten years 'cept durin' th'war. Seen everything they ista see there; so m'friends said: 'Tiff, why doncha go West? 'sa great country out there'; an' here I am. Havva cigar, 'simported."

All this in a robust staccato, punctuated with frequent cigar-puffs.

"My dear Mr. Tiffen," I began, "I really am delighted to meet you; evidently from your name you are English, and I always relish meeting Englishmen, especially those from —."

"Name's English nuf, I guess, but I ain't; I'm plain Americun; that's good nuf f'r me; born'n raised in litt'lol N'Yorrk. Asked m'father who m'granfather was once, an' he says: 'Son, y'r granfather wuzza genlmn,' an' let it go at that. Mebbe he was an' mebbe he wasn't, I dunno; but it don't count none for nor against a man'n business 'n N'Yorrk. 'Canya get th' do-ray-mee?' that's what they wanna know'n N'Yorrk."

"I was just going to remark," said I, beginning again, "that I am always delighted to meet Englishmen from —."

"Now what I'm here for," went on "Tiff," ignoring my attempt to indicate my preferences regarding the source of Englishmen, "ista get all th' dope on Frisco. I don't mean how many parksyas got, an' how many libberries an' playgrounds an' statuze an' monyuuhments an' all that dead junk; I want *live* dope. I wanna know what y'r assessed valuation is, how much does prop'ty sella front foot for, what y'r office-rents issa square foot, what th' poppelation is, how much tonnage does y'r port hannel, how much is y'r bank-deposits an' yur real-estate mortgages an' sales; that's what I want—*live* stuff."

At this point I made renewed efforts to interrupt long enough to persuade him that he evidently had been misdirected, as my inclination and information, such as I had, ran more toward "dead junk," but I simply could not head him off; he kept right on. "I ben-ta Europe ten diffrent times, an' d'yuh think I lettem pester me with all that dead junk they're always tryin' to show off? Not ton y'r life! I says: 'What 'n hell d'I care whether a dead gen'r'l stood on this partickeleer spot, orra pollashun et his lunch there, orra poet made upp'a fool pome standin' here, orra painter painted uh pitcher sommers else? I want *live* stuff; I wanna know how many miles-za paved streets ya got, an' how many telephones, an' how many railroads run inta y'r town, an' how much is y'r street-car fares, an' how d'yuh keep y'r streetsa clean; that's what I wanna know.' An' bul-leeve me, that's what I found out. Wrote everything down, too, an' when I cum back t' N'Yorrk an' wentta m'office an' my stenog'fer started ta gimme a buncha letters, I sez t'her, I sez: 'No-yuh-don't! let *them* wait f'r while, I gotta story t'write'; an' I set right down an' dictated t'her f'r two hours *solid* a story all 'boutma trip; sos-ta gettit out while m'mind was clear from business, see? An' I got it printed, too; an' it went over BIG, even though I did roast N'Yorrk some. Y'know I said right out in m'story—an' they printed it in th' newspaper just like I wrote it, too—I sez: 'Whatten blazes is th' matter with our street-cleanin' department; we got lotsa street-cleaners, we got 7892 street-cleaners—I had all th' figgers right down pat y'see—an' over in Berlin they only got 1896 street-cleaners, lessena quart'r 'smany street-cleaners as we got, an' yet ya could eat right off their streets.' That's what I said in m'story, an' it went over BIG. I didn't care if Berlin was a German town, I praised it anyway, an' th' whole thing went over BIG. Friends all met me an' sez: 'Thatsa great story, Tiff, how d'yuh do it?' an' I sez: 'I juss let th' dead junk alone an' got the live dope, an' when I wrote it down I made it peppy.' That's what the readin' public wants—somethin' peppy. I may be sixt'one years old—ya sudden bulleeve it now, wud-yuh? Look at that hair! an' these teeth—all mine; an' feel that *grip!* Friends all say: 'Tiff, how d'yuh do it?' an' I tellem: 'Eat light an' work hard.' Well I may be sixt'one years old,

but I ain't lost m'pep, no-sir! That's why them stories went over sa BIG. An' I'm gonta write down a story 'bout this trip; an' get it printed, too. I c'n get it printed in some of th' newspapers in N'Yorrk easy 's pie—they know m' stuff; but they ain't got the circleshun. Circleshun's what I want; an' I'm gonta try th' *Post*, th' *Satdy Evenin' Post*. Boy, they got circleshun that'll knock yer eye out! . . . Why sure, I'll sendya copy of m'story soons it's printed; juss lemme have y'r card; lessee, I'll juss put it in this pocket; that means, that means, I'll remember what that means, that means ya wanna copy of th' story. Gosh! I've had *more* people ask me to sendem 'copy of it—got all their cards right in this pocket. I promise ya it'll be peppy—no dead junk. Why, when I was down 'n Hawayee, a fella wanted t'take me out an' show me a waterfall where th' water fell uphill; it fell down part ways y'know, an' then th' wind blows s'hard there it blows it part ways back, an' all that rot. Well, I, sez t'this fella, I sez: 'I'm th' biggest individ'l real-estate-loan broker in N'Yorrk, an' wha tin hell do I care wether ya gotta waterfall that falls up or down or sideways; I ben all over Europe ten diffrent times,' I sez, 'an' I seen all th' trick scenery an' that kinda junk—Swiss an' Eyetalian Alps, volcanoes, peermds in Egupt; y'know what I mean—' I sez: 'I seen all that dead junk I wanna see; show me somethin' *live*. Gimme th' figgers on how much sugar ya raise, an' how is y'r pineapple-crop, an' what is y'r assessed valuation, an' how much is yer tax-rate; thatsa stuff I want.' An' so he got th' dope for me, an' I wrote it all down; got it right here"—he pulled out a thick manuscript from his pocket, held it off about two and one-half feet so as to see without glasses (he's sixty-one but peppy you know) and read a paragraph of diverse statistics about so many miles of paved streets, electric light and telephone-wires and poles, assessed valuation, pineapple-crop, etc. "Now that's what I say 'bout Honolulu; ain't thata neat way'uh writin' it down? Short an' peppy, that's me."

By this time his cigar was out, and while he paused to relight it, I announced in as firm tones as I could muster how much I regretted that I could not, just at the moment, furnish him with the "live stuff" he craved; but how happy I would be to collect it soon and mail it on to him. That, and a sudden recollection of an important engagement immediately impending—probably to measure the pavement on Market Street, or to add up the number of electroliers to the mile—served to send him hastily on his way, after he had fervently assured me of his undying gratitude for my assistance, and his pleasure at meeting "sucha live wire."

But I haven't received a copy of his "story." Possibly it is because I did not (I am really sorry to say) send him all that "live stuff." I did honestly try; and I got as far as "assessed valuation," and wrote that down. But when I came to port-statistics, and started to wrestle with "gross tonnage arrived plus net tonnage departed and net tonnage arrived minus gross tonnage departed less net tonnage deducted from gross tonnage arrived for domestic trans-shipment see schedule double A of Bulletin number seventeen B," I floundered helplessly, and, chucking the whole mess into the waste-paper basket, went home and tied ribbons on my Airedale dog.

DAVID WARREN RYDER.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

CIRQUE INTIME.

SIRS: Few of the younger generation in America know the one-ring circus. True, there are still a few travelling the bush-circuits. But even before the advent of the motion-picture, the small circus was becoming an unprofit-

able venture, and there was a tendency toward combination in fruitless endeavour to compete with the half-dozen "Greatest Shows on Earth." On the Continent, particularly in France, the *cirque intime* has never lost in popularity and is to-day more strongly entrenched than ever. Paris boasts four permanent small circuses, the "Cirque de Paris," "Cirque d'Hiver," "Nouveau Cirque" and "Cirque Medrano."

The *cirque intime* has many and obvious advantages. There is never more than one act in the ring at a time, though as the acts are changing half a dozen minor clowns rush noisily about and officiously help the canvas-men. As all the action is visible from every point in the house, it must of necessity be entertainment of a calibre that will bear such close scrutiny. This is particularly true of the clown-acts. Instead of the confused antics and tumblings of bespangled figures lost in the kaleidoscope of three rings and five stages, the single small arena produces definite individualistic *comiques* of the class of Charlie Chaplin. In Paris, the Fratellinis have long been familiar names to circus-goers. Swamped by numbers and visible only to small sections of the house, these excellent mimes would be at a tremendous disadvantage in a three-ring show. The *cirque intime* permits them a wide range of buffoonery and indulgence in slapstick subtleties that would be lost in a larger arena. Several of the Paris clowns have attained such popularity that they are forced to give two performances nightly, one at the circus and one at a music-hall.

Enter the small amphitheatre of the "Cirque Medrano," and you are immediately aware that here is the true circus-atmosphere. It is an intimate sawdust-quality that is not a part of the mechanically perfect but devitalized mammoth show. Over everything is a haze of tobacco smoke. There are animal odours, shrill cries of the candy-vendor, raucous shouts of clowns, and a hard-worked band heavy in brasses. A ring-side seat, obtainable only if you come very early, costs but eight francs. It is really a ring-side seat, separated from the tanbark by a plush-covered rail about two feet high. You lean back in apprehension when the High School Horse guided by the ballet-skirted equestrienne walks about with fore-feet on the rail. You positively shiver when the aerial wonder swings out on his trapeze and soars over your head. You guffaw sheepishly when the clown whangs your *chapeau* with a bladder.

The familiar sawdust-ring acts are run off in quick succession. You sit patiently through a diabolo performance by a hideously blondined antiquated female. Your interest plucks up a bit when a surprisingly buxom Brunhilde bounces up and down on the slack wire. You relax during the antics of a juggling seal. Eight horses appear, and, guided only by commands from their mistress in the centre of the ring, wheel intelligently through complicated manœuvres. Then the house is partially darkened and a single small spotlight-beam dances in the ring. It is the signal for the Fratellinis, and the house breaks into tremendous applause. Two of the Fratellinis, the Gentleman and the Straight Clown, come slowly out, one with a guitar and the other with an accordion. They place themselves on chairs directly in the spotlight and start playing. A few bars and the light suddenly shifts to another part of the ring. They arise, follow it cautiously, grasp the beam of light firmly and bring it back. This chasing of the light goes on for several minutes. Each time they pursue it with incredibly grave demeanour. Now appears the third Fratellini, the Grotesque, in an unbelievably funny get-up, carrying a huge bass-horn and a gigantic music-score. He puts the score on the ground and blares out humorous ear-splitting notes. Then one bit of burlesque follows another, each highly original.

Their act usually takes half an hour and invariably they are forced to do an *encore* stunt.

Besides the Fratellinis, the "Cirque Medrano" boasts of two excellent clowns in Chocolat and Porto. Their latest performance is a hilarious burlesque of a mind-reading act, the sort of buffoonery that could not be staged in a very large arena. Then there is the "Elegant," a special feature of the *cirque intime*. He appears as a sort of ring-master, immaculately garbed, sporting a monocle, and with such an air that you think he is Monsieur Medrano himself. You are intensely shocked when one of the Fratellinis suddenly beans this magnifico with a stuffed club. He flies into a terrible rage, threatens the clown with dire punishment, and it is only when he is again crowned and tumbles about the sawdust that you know he is part of the show.

As the over-brassy band toots an exit-march, you push out in an excited jumble of conversation. All degrees of speech assail your ears, from the elegance of high Parisian to *ouvrier argot* and provincial *patois*. For the audience at the "Cirque Medrano" is what an elderly critic would call a truly representative one. High and low bourgeoisie, school-children and ancients, apaches and intellectuals, concierges and other profiteers, they form an impressively democratic assemblage. I am, etc., Paris.

ARTHUR MOSS.

THE THEATRE.

REINHARDT AT SALZBURG.

No one who is interested in the theatre can remain long in Middle Europe without hearing Max Reinhardt's work discussed; and discussed, moreover, with a degree of interest and respect which no American producer of plays could command from American playgoers. Whatever may be the estimate that the American public will form of him during his coming season in New York, in Europe his standing as an artist is secure; all criticism of his work, favourable or unfavourable, is based upon an unhesitating recognition of his artistic achievements. For an American, accustomed to producers who are for the most part merely large-scale successors of Artemus Ward's partner Billson, whose mind "balances in any direction the public rekiros," it is hard to understand this attitude towards a producer of plays—hard, that is, until he has had the good fortune to see one of Reinhardt's productions. This good fortune I had during the summer, when I saw the festival performance in Salzburg of Molière's "Malade Imaginaire," as adapted by Hugo von Hofmannsthal and produced by Reinhardt.

I saw the play, not in the theatre, but in Schloss Leopoldskron, where it was presented with delightful charm and intimacy. There was neither stage nor scenery; indeed, they were not needed, for the great hall of the castle, which is in the baroque style, formed a beautiful and appropriate setting. In the space before the fireplace were a table and two or three chairs, and facing these, at either end of the room, were three others which were used by the dancers of the *Zwischen-spiele*. The audience were seated in semi-circular rows, facing this space, an aisle being left on either side leading to the double doors at the back. There were also double doors on either side of the fireplace; and all these doors were used by the players as entrances and exits, so that the play was enacted literally in the midst of the audience. In the gallery were the musicians, in seventeenth-century costumes. Everything, indeed, was of the period of the play except the play itself, which is of no period and all periods, like any other great work of art. When the

time came to begin, a fire was kindled, a few more lights were turned on, and to the accompaniment of Lully's music, played on a spinet and two or three violins, the players made their entrance through the door at the right of the fireplace. First came two servants in seventeenth-century livery and bearing lighted candles, who passed solemnly across what for convenience may be called the stage to the doors at the other side. They were followed by a dashing Polichinelle, leading the dancers of the *Zwischenspiele*. These in turn were followed by *le malade imaginaire*, who seated himself in his arm-chair and busied himself in pantomime with his symptoms until the dancers had executed a gay little turn and gone off, leaving him alone. Thus the play began. It was played in a fast tempo and as broad comedy; almost farce, indeed. There was only one intermission, the breaks between the acts being filled by the dancing of Polichinelle, a dainty Columbine, an impudent Harlekin, a Zerbinetta, and a grotesque and forbidding Dottore. The whole performance, from the opening dance to Argan's last words to the audience, "Have I really bored you?" lasted something less than two hours.

One or two of the players must be specially mentioned, even though they may never be more than names to American playgoers. The name of Pallen-berg, who played Argan, is already known to readers of the *Freeman* from Mr. Loving's observations on him in the last issue. His performance was wholly delightful. He has a remarkable gift for comedy; but he has other gifts as well, as he showed in those few tragi-comic seconds when Argan thinks he has killed his daughter. Hansi Niese as the irrepressible Toinette was comical and convincing, and Hans Thimig did an excellent bit of acting as the stupid Thomas Diafoirus and some unusually good dancing as Harlekin. The rest of the cast were more than competent; indeed, the acting as a whole was exceedingly good, although I can not say, as I would say of the acting of Stanislavsky's players, that it was such as could not be found in the American theatre.

This brings me to a question which Journeyman discussed in the *Freeman* some months ago, in comparing the Russian movement in the theatre of the last twenty-five years with the German movement of the same period, namely: whether the German movement—which is to say, Max Reinhardt—had not been more occupied with developing new means of production than with developing actors. A woman from Berlin whom I met in Austria, intelligent, and well acquainted with Reinhardt's productions, assured me that he is a "tyrant"; that when actors play under his direction they play like artists, but that when they are no longer under his supervision they have no idea what to do with themselves. This would appear to indicate that with Reinhardt the actor is simply one of the means which he uses to produce his effects, precisely as he uses new methods of lighting, sinking stages, revolving stages, and all the other devices that have come to be associated with his name. But there is another side to the matter. On my way to Salzburg I fell into conversation with a prominent actress of the Vienna Burgtheater, who assured me that Reinhardt is no tyrant at all, but the very soul of consideration in his relations with his players. "It all depends upon the needs of the individual," she said. "If an actor needs direction he gets it; if he doesn't need it, he doesn't get it. I have played under Reinhardt many times, and I was always allowed perfect freedom." This seems less a description of a tyrant than a hint of Goethe's idea of the proper way with the actor.

There are two possible ways to produce great art in the theatre: the first, which is certainly typified by the Moscow Art Theatre, is through the building up of a company of players who are allowed to develop inwardly; who are, that is to say, merely guided or helped by the director towards the self-discipline which produces the artist. The players are the soul of such a theatre, and all other considerations, such as *mise en scène*, lighting, etc., are incidental. Such a company of players, through their intelligent understanding of the piece they are producing and the characters they are playing, contrive to inform every smallest detail of a performance with a significance which lifts the whole to a very high plane of art. This way, I will confess, seems to me preferable both as art and as economy. I believe that the actor should be the focal point of the theatre; his development should be the first charge upon any theatrical enterprise, if it is to achieve anything really significant and lasting. I can not imagine the players of the Moscow Art Theatre being at a loss without their director; for they are artists, not parrots. They have gained in their years of association in that enterprise something that can not be taken away from them; and by so much the art of the theatre has also gained.

The second way, which may be typified by Max Reinhardt (I am not at all prepared to say that it is) is through the intelligent use by a single individual of all the means that the theatre affords—counting the actor as one of them—in producing an effect which has been conceived in the mind of that individual. It may be called the one-man method; and it requires a producer of genius. In the hands of such a man, all the devices of the theatre and the actors as well are simply the tools that he uses to produce a work of art, precisely as the painter uses his brushes and the colours on his palette; and what he achieves therewith may be art no less than what is achieved through the magnificent acting, individual and ensemble, of the Moscow players. It is a different kind of art, that is all, though it is not so constructive; for when the producer is gone the structure he has built collapses because he is no longer there to hold it together, and this entails considerable artistic loss.

I do not say that this is Max Reinhardt's method, for I do not know that it is. I can only say that what most impressed me about the performance I saw in Schloss Leopoldskron was not the acting, although that was good, or the dancing of the *Zwischenspiele*, although that was exquisite, nor yet the delightful music of Lully. It was the way in which all these elements had been fused into a complete and satisfying artistic whole. It was, in other words, the conception of the play which these elements combined to express that was really irresistible. I am told that this ability to grasp the artistic and spiritual values of a play, and to communicate them to an audience, is Max Reinhardt's special gift, and it is a great one. On the whole, I should be inclined to say that although his tricks of production, the various innovations in the theatre that are associated with his name, are the parts of his work that have been most emphasized by those English and American critics who have written about him and by the producers who have imitated him, they are far from being the most important thing about his theatre. The important thing, I believe, is the quality of which I have spoken: his ability to grasp the significance of a play and to use the means of the theatre in communicating that significance to others. My friend, the actress from Vienna, said, "Reinhardt can produce a play anywhere, under any conditions.

He doesn't need a theatre." This implies not only great ingenuity, but a mastery of means rather than a dependence upon them. Certainly no play could have been more simply presented than that which I saw in Schloss Leopoldskron. There was not a single obvious trick of the theatre in the whole production; yet, seeing it, one experienced the delight that comes only with the mysterious, intuitive recognition of a work of art. Such moments are rare, and if an artist can produce them it is perhaps impertinent to inquire too closely how he does it; it is perhaps enough that he does it.

SUZANNE LAFOLLETTE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

NE BOUGEONS PLUS!

SIRS: The French Minister of Agriculture, M. Cheron (the press of the Left were quick to christen "*la vie chère*" with the name of "*la vie Cheron*") has just performed an action which should thrill to the core every true standpatter. Desiring to encourage fidelity to the soil on the part of the traditionally faithful peasant, he has decreed certain promotions in the *Mérite Agricole* (the agricultural Legion of Honour) for those families who have tilled the same soil for a long period of time.

The length of the period is likely to stun the average American, accustomed to three removes in a generation, or a decade, or even a year. To wear the green ribbon, a French farmer's family must have cultivated the same plot of ground, not for merely a century, or for ten generations, but for at least one thousand years!

The new promotions have gone to those families which have largely exceeded this minimum requirement. Thus, for example, the family of Lafargue, at Molières, has remained on the same ground continuously since the year 772, or for 1151 years of uninterrupted seed-time and harvest.

Surely no adherent of the Back-to-the-Farm-and-Stay-There Movement can fail to point with pride to these rewards of merit so multiply earned. Those who view with alarm the growing city and the abandoned farm can now take their text from the immovable family Lafargue. Immobility, that sovereign virtue of the soldier, has now been recognized in a more fertile field. Let each man stay in his place, especially the farmers!

But hold! It seems that we were told once that France enjoyed for some centuries the benevolent régime of *servage*, by which serfs were bound to their fields and sold with them. Immobility, as we understand it, was one of the prime features of this social system, and it was far from voluntary.

Indeed a cursory inspection of the records reveals that it was not until 1108 that the serfs rose in revolt, and won in 1135 an enfranchisement which was gradually extended in 1223 under Louis VIII and in 1315 under Louis IX. So it was not until well into the fourteenth century, or some 600 years after the Lafargues came to Molières, that agriculturists were free to detach themselves from their domains.

Slightly over half of this virtuous inertia of the newly decorated families having been no fault of their own, we shall have to guess why the awards were made. It must be that M. Poincaré's Government, through M. Cheron, is paying its appropriate tribute to the champion exemplars of its admitted policy of "*Ne bougeons plus!*" I am, etc.,

Paris.

HAROLD A. LARRABEE.

THE POSITION OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

SIRS: I read in the *Literary Digest* that you have commented editorially in the following fashion on the controversy in the American Episcopal Church: ". . . no particular reason why the Protestant Episcopal Church or at least so much of it as is disposed to follow its bishops should not go over to Rome and be done with it . . . etc." May I venture to define the issue as it is seen by Anglo-Catholics, among which number I am proud to have a place.

The Anglican Church is not, as we believe, in heresy to Rome, for the Anglican Church has been unbroken in its in-

dividual history straight from the primitive or Apostolic Church to the present. We have never been directly subjected to Rome, though during the days before the Reformation and after William the Conqueror, the Roman Archbishop of Canterbury exercised the power of a prelate over the Church. But even then the Church in England was always recognized as a distinctly national institution. We therefore have as much of the Apostolic tradition as the Roman Church, inasmuch as either St. Paul or one of his direct followers visited and evangelized Britain, founding the Celtic Church.

Concerning the present controversy in the church, may I call your attention to the Church in England, where such widely differing men as Dean Inge and the Bishop of Zanzibar can get along amicably. The foundation-stone of the Church, aside from purely Christian principles, i.e., the Commandments of the Decalogue and the two added by Christ, consists of the ability of the Church and the desire of the Church to receive all men who will love God and love their neighbour. This, after all, is the principle upon which Christianity is founded.

As an Anglo-Catholic, I accept the Creed with all my heart, but as a Christian, I understand that all men can not believe alike, and that a truly Catholic Church must include men of differing opinions. Dean Inge has admirably expressed this sentiment in "The Church and the Age" and in the first volume of "Outspoken Essays."

As for the course that will be taken by the Church in the present disagreement, it is notable that the Bishop of New York and Dr. Stires of St. Thomas's Church have urged that a heresy-trial be discomfited by the Bishop of Dallas. That is the attitude of the Church. Even so Catholic a churchman as Dr. J. G. H. Barry of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, New York, would not have a heresy-trial.

"Let us agree to differ as good Christians." That always has been the spirit of the Anglican Church, and we rejoice that not only we who are Anglo-Catholics and who cherish the Catholic tradition, but they who are Modernists and cherishers of the Word of God as revealed in science, can be accorded a place in the Church universal. I am, etc.,

Princeton, New Jersey.

ROBERT CLYFTON BROOKE.

HAS AMERICAN POETRY DIED?

SIRS: That is a splendid article which Mr. Arvin has written—I hesitate to call it a review—using my "American Poetry since 1900" as a text for a bitter sermon. His invectives are robust, his reasoning is clear-cut and direct, and his dark conclusion is built on two strong statements—both of which are misleading if not false. His thesis, reduced to its possibly too-simple essentials, is this: the new poetic impulse which manifested itself about 1910 is already dead. "What at first seemed vitality was hardly more than vivacity." . . . It is precisely the most robust talents (according to Mr. Arvin) that "are going to pieces most ingloriously." The two reasons for this rapid disintegration are—if I follow Mr. Arvin's indictment correctly—first, that American life has not made room for poetry; and, second, that the cultural gap between the writers is so great that they have no access "to a common fund of emotional vulgar experience" (like their confrères in England) and so lapse into a tangential attitude to life or an effort to evade it.

There are half a dozen ways of answering Mr. Arvin's first point. One could object that, on the mere showing of figures, American life decidedly *has* made room for its poets; one could, in rebuttal, point to the eighteen contemporary magazines devoted exclusively to the printing of verse, to the scores of annual anthologies—to say nothing of the hundreds of volumes which appear with the publishers' fall announcements. Or one could reply that the mere fact that the "new" poetry is still the most constant and controversial literary topic is a proof of its continued impact on American letters. But I prefer to answer by asking what is meant by "room" and, even more precisely, by "American life." What "room" has American life made for such distinguished and diverse prose-talents as Sherwood Anderson, James Branch Cabell, Waldo Frank? And yet have not these writers found their place? If Mr. Arvin means (and I am afraid he does) that the humus of American life is not favourable for the pro-

duction of poetry, he should have made his charge general enough to include all literature, art, music—and blamed not America or even the Anglo-Saxon race but the whole level of human existence. If, as his article implies, he imagines that the English poets write in a more fluent speech because "English life" has made "room" for their work, let him talk to any half-dozen of them. It is the artist who, because of some passion for a richer or at least for a different quality of existence, turns to creation; "life" is not interested in art. Whistler was not the first to point out that there never has been even an art-loving nation.

If one grants that the poet is always exceptional in one way or another, always a departure from the bread-business-bed routinized individual, there is little left of Mr. Arvin's second point. The great differences in themes and treatment of American poetry contrasted with the comparative similarity of the English product is surely no sign of local inanition; it is, I submit, rather a proof of continued vitality. It is in keeping with the range of the American temperament that the calm yea-saying Robert Frost employs a different idiom than the explosive Carl Sandburg; that the timbre of Amy Lowell's voice is unlike that of Edna Millay's; that the compositions of E. A. Robinson and John Gould Fletcher are conceived for almost opposite instruments and enjoyed by wholly unrelated audiences. Such differences surely do not spring either from a loss of health or a lack of energy, but rather from a superfluity of it. Even pessimism is not an avoidance of life, but an angry effort to cope with it. Mr. Arvin confuses denial with frustration; he attempts to make pessimism and inanition synonymous. Denial is surely as definite if not as comfortable an attitude as affirmation. And—whether as yea- or nay-sayers—the great majority of American poets have not (in spite of Mr. Arvin's contentions) considered life only in an attempt to escape from it.

I am, etc.,
Vienna.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER.

"THE PROTESTANT COMPLEX."

SIRS: In my *Freeman* of 12 December, in an editorial entitled "The Protestant Complex," I find the following rather surprising statement:

"If Protestantism can do this [harmonize the needs of the soul with the demands of the mind] it will render the greatest spiritual service of which the world has need . . . but if it can not, then the only choice left to a Christian world which Protestantism has spiritually disrupted may well turn out to be either the God of Rome or no God at all."

But, my dear sirs, how about allowing us to choose the God of Christ? Why assume that the God of the Christian world must be the God defined and worshipped by an organized church? Such an assumption, it seems to me, ignores the greatest utterance of the founder of the Christian faith, the word upon which, as Renan says, "the edifice of the eternal religion will rest": "But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth." Such worship need be "neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem"; neither need it be in a Protestant church or in the Church of Rome. Jesus was a revolutionist. He sought to destroy the organized religion of his day. Is it not conceivable that he would also reject that of our own? I am, etc.,

THEOLOGUS.

BOOKS.

THEORIES OF GOVERNMENT.

HERE are three volumes which were published about two years ago, and of which it may be said that it serves a better purpose to call attention to them now than earlier. Mr. Snow's essays¹ throughout are suggestive, compelling the reader to face doubts and difficulties which we have been too ready to pass over without serious thought. They are the more valuable because in form they are altogether dispassionate and

well adapted to the needs and tastes of the general reader.

Referring to a few of the more important subjects, we may observe, for example, that the author very clearly presents the inherent difficulties under which a country with our form of government necessarily labours in dealing with international relations. We may enjoy an unfair advantage, or we may be embarrassed by unfair disadvantages; but under no circumstances can a Government with divided responsibility like ours operate upon a basis of practical equality with other countries that are not so encumbered or protected. Indeed, our form of government is so distinct an approach to democratic control that the adoption of similar checks by other systems might suggest or even promise the first real hope for popular decisions on questions of peace and war.

Again, the author discusses in a most interesting manner the inherent right of the individual against all government. He says:

Thus, the conception that there are certain rights of the individual against Governments, which no Government can infringe except upon penalty of having its act nullified, is a very living one among the people of the United States.

This position, upon which the author dwells at length, is one that has been most grievously treated by all departments of our Government of late years. In the opinion of many, most essential individual rights have been forfeited, and it is even contended that these rights can be regained only by Constitutional amendment. In any event, a proper appreciation of the distinction between the power of State government and the reserved rights of sovereignty is essential to the taking of any intelligent and effective steps towards this restitution.

Similarly, the author points out that entrance into the League of Nations, even by consent of the Senate, would involve the exercise of powers that have not been granted by the people. In the opinion of the author, for us to join the League of Nations would mean the creation of a super-State, for which no authority has so far been given.

It seems clear, therefore [he says] that the covenant of the League of Nations, which is a super-Constitution of a super-unity of which the United States is to be a member, can not be adopted by the treaty-making process alone, since the treaty-making power does not extend so far as to authorize a change in the character of the government.

Much and glibly as we have talked and written of international law, there has never been provision made by consent of the peoples for an international authority to enact or to enforce rules of conduct for the government of the several distinct peoples. Most of the ardent advocates of modern measures, domestic or international, have had in mind some immediately desirable and supposedly practical achievement, but they have given little thought to the inherent cost that would be involved in the surrender of fundamental principles of freedom. It is a coincidence that many of Mr. Snow's contentions are confirmed by Mr. John W. Burgess, in his little volume entitled, "Changes in Constitutional Theory."¹ In this volume the author briefly but very effectively demonstrates many of the conclusions reached by Mr. Snow, particularly those which bear upon the legal limitations of our governmental system in its dealings with the individual or in undertaking to assume membership in the League of Nations.

¹ "The American Philosophy of Government." Alpheus Henry Snow. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$4.00.

¹ "Changes in Constitutional Theory." John W. Burgess. New York: Columbia University Press. \$1.75.

Concerning the doctrine of economic pressure, whether as a weapon of war or as a means of enforcing the will of one nation or group of nations upon another as contemplated in the covenant of the League of Nations, Mr. Snow has the following interesting observation:

In times of peace economic force may be so directed as to affect classes of people to the benefit of all. In times of war, however, it can only be used to compel submission, and inevitably injures both combatants and non-combatants. Economic force used in war, or as a substitute for military force in compelling submission, destroys alike infants, children, women, the sick, the aged, as well as the men of fighting age and ability. The horrors of its use far surpass the horrors of war between armed men. The use of economic force to compel submission—whether by encirclement and siege on land, by blockade of commercial ports, by destroying unarmed ships of commerce, by general embargo, by general prohibitive tariff, or by prohibitive regulations designed to effect a boycott—recoils upon those who use it.

Of Mr. Wright's book¹ it may be said that the volume would be justified if the author had written no more than the preface and the first few chapters. The significance of the whole volume is sufficiently established by the fact that it was awarded the Henry M. Phillips prize of \$2000 in 1921 by the American Philosophical Society. In his preface the author says:

The essay seeks to draw particular attention to a difficulty in the control of foreign relations found in every government, but especially in a government with powers defined in a judicially enforced written Constitution. This is the difficulty which arises from the fact that the organs conducting foreign relations have their responsibilities defined by international law, while their powers are defined by Constitutional law. Since the sources of these two bodies of law are different, a lack of co-ordination between the powers and the responsibilities of these organs is to be expected.

Having thus stated the theme, the author proceeds to indicate his reasons for thinking that the difficulty referred to can be solved only by the development and adherence to Constitutional understandings, supplementing the law of the Constitution and indicating how the organs entrusted with the control of foreign relations ought to exercise their discretionary powers to avoid friction.

Elaborating this thought the author says:

Thus its activity is governed at the same time by Constitutional law and international law, its powers by one, its responsibilities by the other. Conflicts may occur in the application of these two laws. For example, international law requires that all validly concluded treaties be executed, but Constitutional law may make it difficult, if not impossible, to execute particular treaty-provisions because of certain Constitutional limitations.

The author undertakes to find an adjustment of this conflict, and suggests "Constitutional understandings, whereby the executive power is in fact if not in law expected to act in such a way that the other organs of government will approve its action; or by international understandings whereby the other States of the world consider commitments formally concluded by the executive authority merely provisional until they have been endorsed by other organs of the government, whose co-operation is necessary for their execution. He believes these understandings furnish the true explanation of the functioning of all systems for controlling foreign relations and especially of that in the United States. Without them a Constitutional deadlock or an international breach of faith would be probable at every important international transaction."

Whether or not an effective adjustment has been thus offered, it can not be questioned that the author has succeeded in pointing out the difficulty very clearly, and has made it evident that under our form of government we are confronted with a problem which can not be satisfactorily met by the usual demand for an exemplified and so-called "practical" relief. The entire volume is a very instructive and helpful treatise, supported by a collection of authorities bearing upon the manner in which our government functions in foreign relations.

CHARLES NAGEL.

POETRY IN BECOMING.

MR. LAWRENCE'S genius still burns on wastefully. He has as little command over his resources as he had at the beginning, but his resources, on the other hand, seem to be inexhaustible. They are richer now after a decade spent in squandering them than they were when he started fresh. He goes on like a house on fire, or rather like a conflagration which spreads, and gets brighter—and more unmanageable—the longer it burns. For a long time now the fire-brigade have stood in an æsthetic trance, admiring the flames, their water-hoses quite forgotten in their hands. All the winds of the earth fan the flame: the sirocco of Italy, balmy breezes from India, a cold wind off the Rockies. Mr. Lawrence, at the centre of the conflagration, keeps on puffing lustily and shouting hoarsely to encourage the fire. And it does leap higher and casts up more smoke and ashes than ever.

There are in this volume² more astonishing strokes of natural genius, and in greater number, than in any other volume of contemporary poetry; there is not a single good poem. Images come one after another, newly smelted out of Mr. Lawrence's brain, in their original splendour and without ornament. Otherwise everything is molten, everything is in a state of eruption; and when the definite image is shot out it still has in it some of the heat of the chaos where it was shaped. It has the violence of a newly-forged thing in which one can still see traces of the brutal power which clamped it together. It has not decisively become something; one still feels in it the torment of becoming. But how splendid is the power which throws up these flying images in comparison with the effect which they produce! What an uncritical thing a conflagration is! How wasteful! Mr. Lawrence is one of the most expensive writers we are likely to see for a long time. He has got into a state—to change the metaphor—in which he does not seem to care whether he hits the nail on the head or not as long as he is allowed to swing the hammer more and more lustily. People admire the curve of his two-handed hammer in the sky, but his work suffers, the æsthetic nail is not driven in. And after a while one can no longer continue to admire uncritically a vast amount of force directed to no definite end.

It is hard to understand how a writer with as much genius as Mr. Lawrence has should be artistically so casual. About life he is not at all casual; he has enough sincerity in the ordinary sense to serve ten writers; but of artistic sincerity he seems to have hardly a trace. I mean the kind of sincerity which makes an artist wait until the object has become completely clear to him, yielding up every outline in what seems perfect rest, and he feels he has passed beyond the possibility of error and can at last set down what he has seen. It is this sincerity, in which the mists between the poet and the object are cleared away and both have unsullied light around them,

¹ "The Control of American Foreign Relations." Quincy Wright. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.25.

² "Birds, Beasts and Flowers." D. H. Lawrence. New York: Thomas Seltzer. \$2.50.

which translates intuition into art. This makes great poetry of simple lines like

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded rivers abune the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor mune,
But they heard the roaring of the sea,

and Wordsworth's

My apprehensions come in crowds;
I dread the rustling of the grass;
The very shadows of the clouds
Have power to shake me as they pass.

But set Mr. Lawrence's poetry beside these passages: they hardly seem to be in the same world. That is because, in spite of the intensity of Mr. Lawrence's genius, in some very important direction he is not nearly intense enough. Artistically he is disingenuous; he does not get his effect—he carries it off; hence his arrogance—not really one of his virtues, but the cloak of a mind which is uncritical and is too wide-awake not to know it. But this disingenuousness is precisely what ruins a complete æsthetic enjoyment of his work. It leads him into unaccountable, almost frenzied repetitions. One takes up his poem on the almond tree, and reads:

Wet almond trees, in the rain
Like iron sticking grimly out of the earth,

a vivid and satisfying picture. But he has not achieved his effect, and two lines farther on he beats against the unconquered object again, with a variation not at all happy:

Like iron implements, twisted, hideous, out of the earth.

Then a little later he returns to the attack with

Almond trunks curving blackly, iron-dark, climbing the slopes,
then

Black, rusted, iron trunk,

finally

With iron branching blackly, rusted like old, twisting
implements.

These lines look more like notes for a poem not begun than passages from a poem completed. A writer with a more complete literary conscience would have waited until all these images had come to rest in his mind, and then discovered the expression that was right. But Mr. Lawrence blindly plunges into his theme, and can not disentangle himself again; finally he relies upon his genius to get him out of the scrape. Often it does, but at an excessive cost. And frequently it does not. Take this passage, and decide if repetition could be more frenzied or more impotent:

Folded upon itself, enclosed like any Mohammedan woman,
Its nakedness all within its walls, its flowering for ever un-
seen,
One small way of access only, and this close-curtained from
the light;
Fig, fruit of the female mystery, covert and inward,
Mediterranean fruit, with your covert nakedness,
Where everything happens invisible, flowering and fertiliza-
tion, and fruit
In the inwardness of your You, that eye will never see
Till it's finished, and you're over-ripe and you burst to give
up the ghost.

It is simply one thing, said over and over again, and always with less point, and always without knowing that it has already been said. This is the penalty which Mr. Lawrence must pay for his lack of artistic sincerity.

Or rather it is one of the penalties, for his lack of

conscience lays him open to other artistic vices, unsuspected by himself. To sentimentality:

When the tired flower of Florence is in gloom beneath the
glowing
Brown hills surrounding.

To mere cleverness in the description of bats with
Wings like bits of umbrella.

To raw, prosaic statement in the poem on fishes:

No fingers, no hands and feet, no lips;
No tender muzzles;
No wistful bellies,
No loins of desire,
None,

which is a mere catalogue of what is not there. To the purely farcical:

Women I loved and cherished, like my mother.
Yet I had to tell them to die.

To an unsuitable provincialism, monstrous, incredible, in the poem on St. John:

Ah, Phoenix, Phœnix,
John's Eagle!

You are only known to us now as the badge of an insurance company.

Reading that, one asks in amazement what conceivable concern it can be to anyone what Mr. Lawrence thinks of St. John.

Faults so great as these would be of no importance in a bad book; they are significant only because the book is very good, showing genius in eruption on almost every page. It is true, men will always prefer genius at rest rather than in violent commotion, just as necessarily they prefer form to chaos; but genius in any form whatever is eventually salutary, and even should Mr. Lawrence lose himself—one sincerely hopes he will not—he will not be lost to mankind. His philosophizing, his declamations against Matthew, Mark, Luke and John are not of much value, for one can not conceal from oneself that these writers—or whoever it was—had a much surer grasp upon life than Mr. Lawrence has, and that it is a platitude to say that they were almost inconceivably more profound. Mr. Lawrence is, of course, a powerful thinker; he is generally right in what he says; but he is terribly one-sided: he is not merely pleased to see one aspect of the truth; he becomes the personal enemy of all the other aspects. Where he is really great is in the power of his imagination. There are passages of splendid beauty in this volume, even if there is hardly one with rightness of form. These passages confront us with the savage magnificence of nature and give us a sense, vivid as personal experience, of the abundance and roughness of natural life. The description of the lion is glorious:

So, she will never leap up that way again, with the yellow
flash of a mountain lion's long shoot!
And her bright striped frost-face will never watch any more,
out of the shadow of the cave in the blood-orange rock,
Above the trees of the Lobo dark valley-mouth!

That would be hard to beat, and Mr. Lawrence equals it very often in this volume.

EDWIN MUIR.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

One of the humours of the Russian Revolution must surely have been the spectacle of Mr. Oliver M. Sayler, American dramatic critic from Indianapolis, scudding across the squares of Moscow between gusts of machine-gun fire, and ducking into doorways to continue otherwise

undisturbed his implacable investigation of the Russian theatre. Returning home via the overtaxed Trans-Siberian, he lost all his luggage except two suitcases crammed with photographs of the Russian theatre. These he sat and slept upon. The result was a book, "The Russian Theatre," and later a post in New York as publicity-agent for the "Chauve-Souris" and the Moscow Art Theatre company. Mr. Sayler took Russian art very seriously—as seriously as a Russian; and now he has returned, still exalted in spirit, but with his English sentences sadly jolted apart, mayhap by the Trans-Siberian roadbed, to consideration of our poor, struggling, native stage. His new book, "Our American Theatre,"¹ is a view of the American dramatic scene by a man illusione (if the word is permissible) by foreign travel, who every now and then remembers the straight roads of his native Indiana, but not long enough seriously to divert him from the business in hand, which is to hail the sunrise of an "art-theatre" in America, or at least to cry, "Look, the east is growing red!"

Mr. Sayler chooses 1908 as the *annus mirabilis* when the new dawn began to glimmer faintly in our theatre, and confines his discussion to what has happened since that year. That it rather strikingly coincides with his own advent into criticism is testimony, unconsciously given, to a failing which most of the new champions of the theatre display—an ignorance of the past. It is a failing of youth, of course, and Mr. Sayler is sufficiently aware of the danger to warn his fellows against mocking the past. Nevertheless, it is a failing; because in this instance it leads a gifted and enthusiastic critic into errors that are at times absurd, and it prevents him—as commentator, not visionary—from regarding our theatre realistically, i. e., considering the American public by and large, their desires and their capacities, through a period of time long enough to make generalizations valuable.

To take one example of these errors: Mr. Sayler points to the "Chauve-Souris" as the first sample we Americans have seen of what he calls the theatre of "Let's pretend," in which the audience is frankly invited and wooed to take an active part. Some people may find it a trifle difficult to perceive just how they took a more active, or a different, part in the overestimated proceedings of the "Chauve-Souris" than in those of certain other attractions; but let that pass. There was, undoubtedly, in these proceedings a certain delightful friendliness between players and audience. But if Mr. Sayler had been present twenty years ago at the first night (or any night) of a Weber and Fields burlesque at the old Music Hall in Thirtieth Street, and had heard Peter Dailey and Fay Templeton and David Warfield and the rest take the delighted audience into their confidence, he would have known an intimacy and a spirit of co-operative "Let's pretend" far greater than any that the "Chauve-Souris" achieved; and he could go back from Weber and Fields, through Harrigan and Hart, through George Fox perhaps to Brougham, and learn that this type of theatre, in its lighter phases, was for at least half a century a beloved American institution, and has not recently existed in New York not because we had never seen the "Chauve-Souris" but because New York had become too large, too heterogeneous, too unneighbourly to make such a theatre a natural and spontaneous thing. Even I—and I am not excessively older than Mr. Sayler—felt the "Chauve-Souris" as an echo of the past rather than a portent of the future. In other words, Brother Sayler, what are you going to do about the 200,000 "buyers" at the New York hotels, the East Side Hebrews who have made money, moved to West Eightieth Street and graduated from the movies—the whole diversified mob, for the most part without back-

ground, who support our theatre? People who play together do so because they live in the same neighbourhood and speak the same language and want to play together.

To take another error: Mr. Sayler dates "conscious realism" on our stage practically from "The Easiest Way," and says: "There was no one until Belasco arrived to rouse this instinctive realism into consciousness and self-questioning." Nonsense! As a result of the theories of William Dean Howells and his then disciple, Hamlin Garland, James A. Herne wrote "Margaret Fleming" in the early 'nineties, and "The Reverend Griffith Davenport" in the late 'nineties, and the latter play was far deeper than "The Easiest Way." Belasco never woke realism to self-consciousness, unless Mr. Sayler refers to a real Child's restaurant on the stage; and even in so superficial a matter Clyde Fitch, in "Barbara Freitchie," quite consciously anticipated "the Master." For that matter, is Fitch's "The Truth," written in 1906, any less realistic than "The Easiest Way," either in surface-texture or character-depiction? Is it not merely less tragic and obviously sordid? Realism, of course, was a developing literary style and method, and its scenic side was quite secondary. If it did not develop faster in the American theatre, and still remains imperfect here, its fate over a much longer period than Mr. Sayler considers leads us to the conclusion that the American public do not greatly relish it, and can not be made to do so.

Yet it is the avowed end and aim of the art-theatre to serve the public with realism at its sturkst, or symbolism at its pure symbolic, or expressionism at its most unrepresentational. In other words, an art-theatre exists for the free play of the creative spirit in a perfection of unity—unity of mood, of style, of settings, of actors trained in repertory. This is the dream of Mr. Sayler and the new-theatre men. It is a splendid dream. It has long been mine, too. But as a dispassionate critic, not a dreamer, writing a survey of the actual playhouse in these somewhat United States, I should feel obliged to ask, as Mr. Sayler does not seem to feel obliged to ask, "Do the American people want such a theatre? Are there any signs that they are any more ready for it now than they were thirty years ago? And how can it be achieved, anyhow, under our existing economic conditions?"

Mr. Sayler, of course, will counter by pointing out that he has asked, that he has written at length of the Theatre Guild, the Provincetown Playhouse, the Little Theatres all over the land, of the awakening in the colleges, and so forth. We all have. I have lectured upon these hopeful signs, with much enthusiasm. But then I have gone to the theatre—not the Little Theatres, not the Garrick Theatre of the Guild, with its 6,000 subscribers out of New York's 6,000,000, but to the ordinary playhouse, on Broadway, in Newark, in Memphis; and I have seen, in later years, especially outside New York, less and less response to what is subtle or spiritual or imaginative, less and less regard for the values of acting, and more and more response to the sensational, the crude, the obviously physical. Any actor will tell you that on the road now a comedy "picks up" at once if one of the players trips on a rug. There is humour that a movie-fed generation can comprehend! Actually, have we not a smaller audience to-day for an art-theatre than we had thirty years ago, before the term was known? If America had produced a play by Eugene O'Neill thirty years ago, would his plays have starved to death as soon as they left New York, which is what has happened to most of them? Are we by way of developing a small, aesthetic aristocracy in our theatre, set quite apart from the rest of the country? If so, is the art-theatre worth making so much fuss about? I make no pretence of answering these questions. But whoever writes a realistic survey of our stage to-day will have to answer them, sooner or later.

¹"Our American Theatre." Oliver M. Sayler. New York: Brentano's. \$4.00.

Mr. Sayler is too shrewd not to realize, of course, that in blunt language theatres cost money. He closes with a chapter on the economic situation. But it is only a meagre chapter, and it does not meet the issue. As briefly as so complicated a matter can be stated, a play brings practically no returns to its author unless it is successful first in New York. Rents and other costs are so high in New York that no managers (and not even the Theatre Guild) can afford truly to experiment. Should an individual or a group secure enough backing to maintain the permanent company Mr. Sayler rightly says is essential to a true art-theatre (and it would require a vast deal of backing), they still would have to turn to Europe for most of their "art" plays. The practised American playwright will not forgo the rewards of a long run and a tour for the mere honour of an art-theatre production; and it is only from the practised playwrights that good drama can ever be relied upon to come. If, however, there were thirty or forty good local companies throughout the United States, not necessarily or even perhaps desirably "art-theatres," but serious community-supported institutions, each ready to try a serious new play by an American author, with a well-conducted and respected New York theatre to set the pace, then the playwright could get the equivalent of one year's run, even if his drama were not of the kind to last more than a month on Broadway.

In short, the American drama to-day is practically buried under the weight of New York ground-rents, and the first and by far the most important job is not to get 6000 more subscribers for the Guild, or to give Mr. Robert Edmond Jones more chance to design scenery, but to free the 104,000,000 Americans who do not live in New York from their bondage to Broadway, and to free Broadway itself from the necessity of long runs. The rest will follow, perhaps; but certainly not otherwise.

I have no idea how this is to be done, though I fancy the amateurs of North Carolina, Pasadena, Santa Barbara and elsewhere are going to help more than Mr. Sayler admits. I am not even too confident that it can be done at all, until we get heartily sick of the movies. But I am sure that when it is done, it will still be the Frank Cravens and George Cohans and Jimmie Forbeses whose style of play-writing America will prefer, and through whom, not through Shaw or Andreyev or Gorky or Kaiser, the future betterment of our drama will develop. This style of play-writing, so vitally consistent through an entire century of our history, will not be set aside by the people, and can not be set aside by anybody else who hopes to make his theatre anything but a fad of the few. It is their utter ignoring of this palpable fact which most strikingly separates the champions of the new theatre, the art-theatre, from the very theatre-goers who really need their vision and whom they no less really need.

Having said all this, I have said quite enough in dispraise of a stimulating, enthusiastic and intensely vital book. We are all delighted to have Mr. Sayler with us again, once more aware that Moscow is, after all, a considerable distance from these States where fate has compelled us to reside, and to struggle as best we may to conquer our ancient delusion that profits are to be preferred to perfection. Mr. Sayler is one of those who have seen a vision and dreamed a dream. It has evidently knocked the verbs completely out of twenty-nine per cent of his sentences, but if it can knock the greed out of a few people in the theatre, he may lose his nouns as well, for all we care.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

SHORTER NOTICES.

THE terms of high praise with which "Undertow," a new novel by the author of "Peter Middleton," has been received in certain quarters whet one's curiosity as to the nature of

the book.¹ It has been hailed as a fine work of realism, a contribution to the field of fiction which skilfully employs the wisdom of Freud and the modern psychology without recourse to the jargon of the textbooks. One finds it, however, a distinctly uninspired performance—drab in detail, and barren of significance. No doubt it would be possible to match the brutal Volmer and his cringing family in the annals of pathology, but the effort which has been expended in dragging them from that obscurity has scarcely repaid itself. The author has made a fetish of repetition in a vain endeavour to be powerful; nearly every phrase is a twin. He may argue that such people talk exactly as he has recorded them, but the result is none the less tiresome.

L. B.

WITH an inferior writer the dominant mood in Ivan Bunin's "The Dreams of Chang"² might have degenerated into sentimentality; in Bunin it is ironic pathos. Many of these short stories are really condensed biographies or novels, for they achieve an elliptic reference to a whole life. The sense of the pathetic vileness of human destiny and of tragedy in the midst of low comedy and intrigue brings together on a common plane of being such diverse tales as "The Gentleman from San Francisco," "The Sacrifice" and "Brethren." There is nothing slick or "contrived" in the effects that Bunin achieves; as with a wood-carver who loves his medium, a good part of his form comes from following with a tactful hand the grain of the wood, merely accentuating its inherent character. It is quite likely that Bunin loses much in translation; for his work bears the mark of a sensitive artist whose merits are those of nuance, rather than of mass and volume.

L. C. M.

"GOHA THE FOOL"³ is a rich panorama of life in eighteenth-century Cairo, through which runs the thread of Goha's successive loves for the stone goddess unearthed by "Franks" on the bank of the Nile; for the languorous Nour-al-Ein, wife of his friend and protector, Sheik Al-Zaki; and finally for Nazli Hanem, who appears at the end of the book like a goddess from the machine. The three figures are scarcely distinguishable in Goha's dull mind; he is a mystic as well as a simpleton; trees, houses, people seem no longer outside him, but within him, the visible aspects of his soul; and the women he loves come and go unsought by him, almost unknown to him, shadows among shadows, emerging from the mysterious coloured world that he can not understand. The simple of mind and heart receives an earthly reward. Goha is a good-for-nothing, an adulterer, a breaker of the most sacred laws of Allah, a murderer of his own child; acts that barely seem his own drop from him and leave him uncontaminated; and at last, as in some story from the "Thousand and One Nights," Nazli Hanem, a rich widow, who has seen him naked beneath her window, summons him and offers herself and her fortune. "Allah is merciful," said Nazli Hanem, "I am glad that now you can help me with your advice. . . . My revenues are diminishing since the Bey's death, my stewards are robbing me, the money I save I don't know how to invest. . . . A man is needed in the house. . . . After to-morrow you will take over the management of my affairs." And Warda, the *dallala*, the one-eyed go-between and adviser of the harems, whose hips and breasts "bobbed like water skins," exclaimed, as she led Goha to Nazli Hanem: "I've made your fortune, son of Riazy! You will have palaces and lands, you will have slaves and horses, you will become a great personage, and you will grow a beard." One is not altogether sure that the affairs of Nazli Hanem will prosper under Goha's management. But need one be too exacting? We are in the land of Sindbad and Peri Banu and the porters of Bagdad and the Jinn; the book offers so much along the way, a swarm of vivid, firmly painted figures; the conviction of reality stamps the whole work; and we had better not concern ourselves with petty probabilities.

C. C.

¹ "Undertow." Henry K. Marks. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.00.

² "The Dreams of Chang." Ivan Bunin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

³ "Goha the Fool." By Albert Adès and Albert Josipovici. Translated from the French by Morris Colman. New York: Lieber and Lewis. \$2.50.

AMERICAN inventiveness and ingenuity are strikingly revealed by the records of the Patent Office at Washington. We have invented every possible contrivance, useful and useless: there may even be an apparatus for limiting the breathing-capacity of public speakers so as to make it impossible for them to exceed their time. We do not know.

One outstanding American device that has never been registered is the "ribbon-head," by which is meant the head-line which bounds the front page of the newspaper on the north, extending from its Pacific to its Atlantic side. Once a paper commits itself to the daily shriek it is obliged to maintain the noise even after repetition has nullified its effectiveness.

During the war we got thrilling phrases suggestive of blood and death, and the use of the ribbon-head seemed appropriate enough. But the habit of raucous articulation became permanent, and to-day we are scarcely astonished to read (from left to right), "Give Flo Leeds Chance, Says Mrs. Stillman" (same size of type as that which told about Chateau-Thierry, etc.). Eventually even public laundering of private linen bores a surfeited public, and eager newspapers are obliged to seek new grist for their mill.

Their most recent discovery is that the things of the spirit lend themselves to maltreatment as news. Religion has "made" the front page, and "modernism" and "fundamentalism" have become as common as chewing-gum in the subway. The Church controversy has claimed the ribbon-head, and, in America's Fleet Street, theology has attained to the dignity of murder and adultery.

The FREEMAN is not indifferent to the news-value of the current battle of the bishops, hence the current article and leader that bear on it. The FREEMAN reminds its readers, however, that its observations on man's impulse to worship have never waited on clergymen's utterances. It has always recognized that our relation to the unknown governs us as powerfully as do our mundane ties, that religion may be as important as finance and diplomacy.

We have frequently said that the FREEMAN aims to reflect the interests of people of broad mental cultivation, and that its reckoning of the past, present and future is not influenced particularly by events whose transitoriness is proved by the oblivion which encompasses them in about twenty-four hours.

Are there not a few among your friends who would take kindly to such a weekly magazine? If so, kindly introduce us.

Mail this to The FREEMAN, 116 West 13th Street, New York.

ORDER FORM

Send the FREEMAN for _____ weeks to

NAME

ADDRESS

at the rates printed below. Advise him (her) that I am the donor.

SIGNED _____ ADDRESS _____

Price of the FREEMAN: in the United States, postpaid, 52 issues, \$6.00; 26 issues, \$3.00; 10 issues, \$1.00. In Canada, 52 issues, \$6.50; 26 issues, \$3.25; 10 issues, \$1.00. In other foreign countries, 52 issues, \$7.00; 26 issues, \$3.50; 10 issues, \$1.00.